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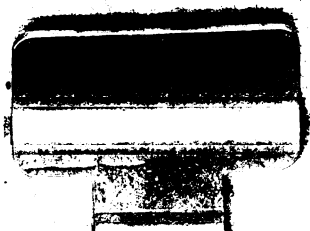
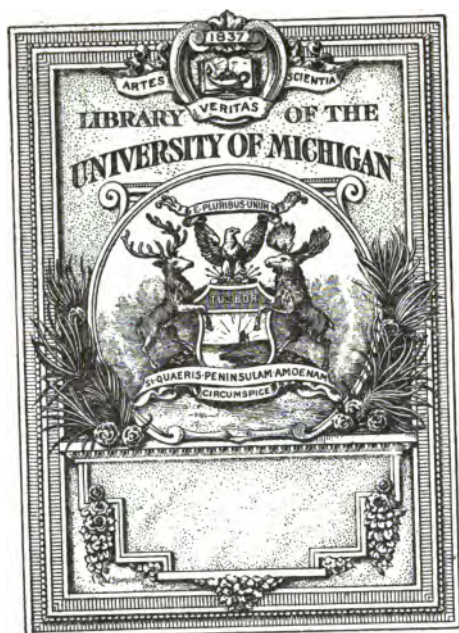
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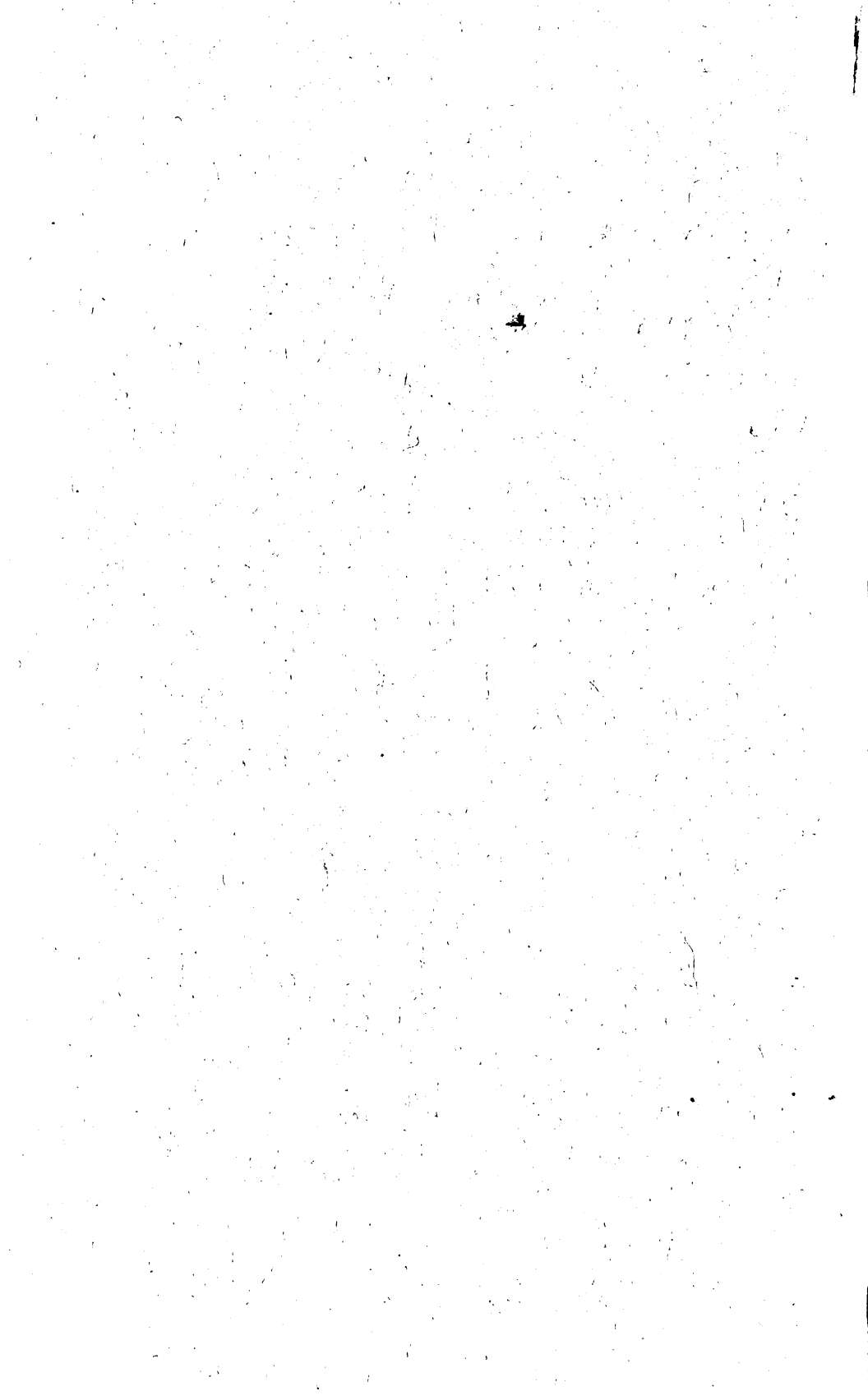
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High Life in  
New York.

Univ. of Mich.



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PRICE TWELVE AND A HALF CENTS.

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.  
BY  
JONATHAN SLICK, ESQ.,  
OF  
WEATHERSFIELD,  
CONNECTICUT.

*(Miss Anna S. Stephens, 1843)*  
SECOND EDITION.

NEW YORK:  
EDWARD STEPHENS,

BROTHER JONATHAN OFFICE, 103 NASSAU-STREET:  
WARREN'S 458 BROADWAY.

1843.



1  
HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK,

BY JONATHAN SLICK, Esq.

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LETTER I.

*First Impressions of New York—Visit to the Counting-room of a City Cousin—Advice to his Clerk—Description of a city Residence and its Inmates.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR :

I arrived here safe and sound, arter a long and tedious voyage down the river and along shore to this place. The Captain left me to navigate the sloop purty much alone. The lazy coot did nothing on arth but eat raw turnips and drink cider brandy all the way down. I'll be whipped if he warnt more than half corned the hull time. Now its my opinion that the best thing you can do with that chap is to send him eend foremost about his bisness jest as quick as he gits back. He don't arn salt to his porrage, nor never did. The first thing I did arter the sloop was hauled up to the wharf at Peck slip, was to go down to the stores about Fulton market and peddle off the cider brandy and garden sarce. Captain Doolittle wanted to go with me, but you sent me down here as a sort of a supercargo, and I warnt likely to let him stick his nose into my bisness. I know the critter like a book, and I'm sartin that he'd a gone home and told all about that I wasn't capable of doing my own bisness here in York.

By graci us, if it didn't make me stare to see the purty gals and the harnsome married women a walking up and down the market among the heaps of beets and cabbages. They looked around mighty knowing, and I rather guess I got my share of attention; but somehow it made me feel kinder streaked to have them a looking at me so steady, for I hadn't nothing on but my every day clothes; besides, the stock that marm made me, out of her old bombasine petticoat, propped up my chin so that I couldn't a stooped to look into a woman's face if I'd a wanted u ever so much. I do believe marm and Judy White must a put more than a peck of tatur

starch into the lining. It's allfired stiff, that's a fact.

Wal, I sold out the lading tu purty good advantage, considering the times. Then I went down to the sloop, and slicked up in my Sunday clothes, and started off full chisel to go and see cousin John Beebe. They told me that he kept store away down Pearl street, eenamost to the Battery; so I went on, as fast as I could get along through the boxes and barrels that lay in the street, till I came to a great high brick store that had cousin John's name over the door. It seems that John has gone into partnership with a Mr. Co, for that feller's name is on the sign arter hisen as large as life. I knew that he and John Wheeler went into company together, but I suppose they wanted more chink than either on 'em could raise, and so engaged this Mr. Co to help 'em along.

I swan if it warnt enough to make a feller dry to see the hogsheads of rum and molasses, and the heaps of tea boxes and sugar barrels, piled up inside the store; it looked like livin, I can tell you. I went through clear to the other eend of the store, for they told me that cousin John was in the counting-room, away back there.

Wal, I got to the counting-room at last, and a harnsome little room it was, all carpeted and fixed out like some of our best rooms in Connecticut, I haint seen so purty a store scarce ever. John wasn't there, but I could see that he hadn't got over all his old tricks, for a lot of chestnut shells was trod down round the stove, and there wasn't a few empty bottles standing round under the table and back of the desks. It was enough to turn one's stomach to look at the spit box, it was more than half filled up with pieces of segars, and ends of tobacco, that looked as if they had been chawed over a dozen times or more. I don't see where cousin John got that trick of smoking and chawing; I defy any body to say he larned it in old Connecticut. They needn't talk to us about the Yankees, for these Yorkers beat us all hollar in them things; I haint forgot the time when John would a turned up his nose at a long nine, as if it had a been pison, but now he'



sot himself up for a gentleman there is no knowing what he haint taken to.

There was a chap standing by one of the desks, with the edge of his dickey turned over his stock—like an old-fashioned baby's bib, put on wrong side afore—and with his hair curled and frizzled up like a gal's. I knew in a minute that this feller couldn't be cousin John, so I went up to him, and sez I:—

"Friend, can you tell me when Mr. Beebe 'll be in?" The chap took a watch out of his vest pocket, about as big a ninepence, and sez he—

"I don't know positively, but I spose in the course of half an hour or so. Its about time for the banks to close."

"Wal," sez I, "I spose I may as well wait for him as I aint in much of a hurry jest now." So I sot down in a chair and arter histing my sole leather ontore the top of the stove, I begun to scrape acquaintance with the chap, as I went along.

"Tough times with you marchants, now, aint they?" sez I, looking over the top of the paper.

"Very," sez he, a mending his pen. "It's as much as we can do to make both ends meet afore the banks shut up days. Mr. Beebe's out a shinning now."

"A what?" sez I.

"A shinning," sez he—"borrowing money to take up his own notes with, and if he don't git it, I don't know what we *shall* do."

"Oh!" sez I to myself, "this is the new partner, Mr. Co; he must have a good chance of money in the concern, or he wouldn't feel so oneasy."

"We was doing a beautiful bisness," sez he, a shaking his head, "till the Philadelphia banks stopped specie payments. I wish they'd a been sunk."

"No," sez I, "that aint fair, but it's human natur, I spose, to give banks as well as people, a helping kick when they're going down hill. I don't understand much of these things, Mr. Co."

"My name isn't Co," sez he, a staring; "its Smith."

"What," sez I, "have they got another in the company?"

"No," sez he, kinder coloring up; "I'm the assistant book-keeper."

I couldn't but jest keep from giving a long whistle right out. The stuck up varmint! "Wal," sez I, arter a minit, "Mr. Smith, let me give you one piece of advice—don't be so ready to say *we*, and to talk over your employers' bisness with strangers next time. Sich things do no good any way, but they may do a good deal of harm. It's the duty of a clerk among us, to attend to that he's paid for, and if he attends to much else, we purty generally find out that he aint good for much in the long run."

You never saw a feller look so mean as he

did when I said this; he turned all manner of colors, and acted mad enough to eat me. I didn't seem to mind him, but took up a newspaper and begun to read, jest as if he wasn't in the room; and by and by I got so deep in the paper, that I forgot all about him or cousin Beebe either.

Look a here, Par, if you haint seen the New York Evening Express, jist stretch your puss-strings a leetle, and subscribe for it. It's a peeler of a paper, I can tell you. You needn't take my word for it though, for I've made this letter so tarnal long, that it'd cost more than the price of a paper a hull year to pay the postage, so I've a notion to git the editors to print this for me in their primest evening paper, and so you'll git my letters and paper too, all for five cents. I'll jest give you a little notion how they make the Express, for I read it een'amost through, afore cousin John came. The editors git all the papers in the country together, jest as we pick out our apples in cider time, and they go to work and git all that's worth reading out on 'em and put it all in one great paper, which they sell for two cents; so that a feller can know what's said by every editor north and south, on one side and tother, without the trouble of reading but one paper;—jest as we can git the juice of a bushel of apples all in a pint of cider, after it's once been through the mill. I raly think it's one of the best plans I ever heard on, and I'm so sartin that every body will take it by and by, that I've a notion that if you'd jest as lives let me throw up the onion trade, I'll try and git in to write for it; but we'll talk all that over by and by, arter I've seen the editors. Major Jack Downing is writing for them already, and perhaps—but I haint made up my mind about it yit, though I kept a thinking it over all the while I was a reading in the counting-room.

Wal, I was jest taking a dive inter the advertisements, when cousin John come in. I raly believe you wouldn't know the critter, he's altered so. He's grown as fat and pussy as old Lawyer Sikes in our parts, but I raly think he looks better for it. I tell you what, his clothes must cost him a few. He had on a superfine broadcloth coat, that didn't cost a whit less than ten dollars a yard, I wouldn't be afraid to bet a cookey. You could a seen your face in his boots, and his hair was parted on the top of his head, and hung down on the sides of his face and all over his coat collar, till he looked more like a woman in men's clothes than any thing else. I thought I should a haw-hawed out a larfin, all I could do, though it made me kinder wrathly to see a feller make such an etarnal coot of himself. I thought I'd see if he'd know me agin, so I ony jest crossed one foot over t'other on the top of the stove, and tipt my chair back on its hind legs, and kept on reading as independent as a corkscrew, jest ter see how he'd act.



Wal, he cum right up to the stove, and took his coat tail under his arms, and begun to whistle as if there warn't nobody in the room. Once in a while, as I took a peek over the top of the paper, I could see that he was a lookin at me kinder sideways, as if he couldn't exactly make up his mind whether he knew me or not. I felt my heart kinder rising up in my throat, for it put me in mind of old times, when we used to weed onions and slide down hill together. At last I couldn't stand it no longer, so I jumped up and flung down the paper, and, says I, "Cousin Beebe, how do you do?"

He stared like a stuck pig at fust, but I raly believe the feller was glad to see me when he found out who I was, for he shook my hand like all natur. Sez he, "Mr. Slick," sez he, "I'm glad to see you down in the city; how's the deacon, and aunt Eunice, and the Mills galls? You see I han't forgot old times."

With that we sot into a stream o' talk about Weathersfield people, and so on, that lasted a good two hours, by the town clock. Arter a while, cousin John took out his watch, all gold inside and out, and, sez he,

"Come, Mr. Slick, it's about four o'clock—go up and take a family dinner with us."

I rather guess I stared a few, to think of being axed to eat dinner at that time o' day; but as I hadn't eat any thing but a cold bite aboard the sloop since morning, the thoughts of a good, warm dinner warn't by no means to be sneezed at.

"Better late than never," sez I to myself, arter I had put on my hat and stuck my hands in my pantaloons' pockets, ready for a start. But jest as we wur a going out, there come a feller in to talk over some bisness matters, so sez Cousin Beebe, sez he—

"Here, Mr. Slick, is the number of our house—supposing you go along and tell Mrs. Beebe that I'll be home as soon as I can git through a little bisness—she won't make a stranger of you."

"I rather guess she won't," sez I, a taking the little piece of paper which he'd ben a writing on; "if she does, there must a ben an almighty change in her since we used tu go to singing school and apple bees together."

John looked kind a skeery towards the stranger, and begun to fidget about; so I told him I could find the way, and made myself scarce in less than no time—for I thought as like as not the feller cum to git him to put his name to a note, or something of that sort; so I thought I'd give him a chance to say no, if he wanted to.

By gracious! Par, I'd give a quart of soap if you and marm could a ben with me in Broadway as I went along. I couldn't help from stopping een-a-most every other minute to look into the winders.

Some of them was chuck full of watches and ear-rings, and silver spoons spread all out

like a fan, and lots on lots of finger-rings all stuck over a piece of black cloth to make 'em shine. I'll be darned if it didn't make my eyes ache as if I'd ben snow blind a week, only jest to look at 'em, as I went along! I stopped into one store jest by the Park, and bought a silver thimble for marm, and it was as much as I could do to keep from going into one of the stores where I saw such a heap of calicos, to git her a new gown too. But I can't begin to write more than a priming of what a feller may see as he goes up Broadway. It fairly made me ashamed of our horses, old Polly in perticular, when I saw the handsome critters that the niggers drive about them coaches with here. I tell you what, they make a glistening and shining when they go through the streets chuck full of gals all in their feathers and furbelows! That Broadway is a little lengthy, and no mistake. I believe I footed it more than two miles on them tarnal hard stun walks, and afore I got to Bleeker street, where Cousin Beebe lives, I swun I! I thought my feet would a blistered.

Wal, arter all, I thought I never should a got into the house when I did git to it. It was so alfred high, and a heap of stun steps went up to the door, with a kind of picket fence made out of iron, all *curlecued* over on the sides. I looked all over the door for a knocker, but couldn't find nothing in the shape of one, only a square chunk of silver, with cousin Beebe's name writ on it. I rapped with my fist till the skin eenamost peeled off my knuckles, but nobody seemed to hear, and I begun to think the folks warn't to home, and that I should lose my dinner arter all. I was jest beginning to think it best to make tracks for Peck slip agin, when a feller come by and kinder slacked tackle, and looked as if he was a going to speak.

"Look a here, you sir," sez I, "can you tell me whether the folks that live here are tu home or not? I can't make nobody hear."

"Why don't you ring the bell?" sez he, a looking at me as if he never see a man afore.

I went down the steps and looked up to the ruff of the house, but it was so darned high that I couldn't a seen anything in the shape of a belfrey if there'd ben a dozen on 'em.

"I'll be darned if I can see any bell," sez I to the man, and then he kinder puckered up his mouth, and looked as if he was a going to larf right out.

"You seem to be a stranger in the city," sez he, a trying to bite in, for I s'pose he see that my dander was a gitting up.

"Yes," sez I, "I am, and what of that?"

"Oh, nothing," sez he, a hauling in his horns quite a considerable. "Jest pull that little silver knob there, and I rather think you can make them hear."

With that I went up the steps agin, and give the knob, as he called it, an almighty jerk, for I felt a little riled about being larfed



a'. It warn't half a jiffy afore the door was opened and a great strapping nigger stood inside, staring at me as if he meant to swallow me hull, without vinegar or gravy sarce.

"Wal," sez I, "you snow ball you, what are you staring at? Why don't you git out of the way and let me come in?"

"Who do you want?" sez he, without so much as moving an inch—the impudent varmint.

"What's that to you, you darned lump of charcoal?" sez I; "jest you mind your own bissen and git out of the door." With that I give him a shove and went into the entry-way. When the nigger had picked himself up agin, I told him to go and tell Miss Beebe that her cousin Jonathan Slick, from Weathersfield, Connecticut, wanted to see her.

I wish you could a seen how the feller showed the whites of his eyes when I said this. I couldn't keep from larfin to see him a bowing and a scraping to me.

"Jest step into the drawing room," sez he, a opening a door, "I will tell Miss Beebe that you are here."

By the living hokey! I never stepped my foot in such a room as that in all my born days. I raly thought my boot was a sinking inter the floor, the carpet was so thick and soft. It seemed jest like walking over the onion patches, when they've jest been raked and planted in the spring time. The winder curtains were all yaller silk with a great heap of blue tassels hanging round the edges, and there was no eend to the little square benches, about as big as marm's milking stool, all civered over with lambs and rabbits a sleeping among lots of flowers, as natral as life. The backs of the chairs were solid mahogany or cherry-tree wood, or something like it, and they were kinder rounded off and curled in like a butter scoop turned handle downward. Then there were two chairs, all stuffed and civered with shiney black cloth, with a great long rocker a poking out behind, and on the mantle shelf was something that I couldn't make out the use on—it was a heap of stuff that looked like gold, with a woman, all civered over with something that made her shine like a gilt button, lying on the top. I wanted to finger it awfully, but there was a glass thing put over it, and I couldn't; but I hadn't peeked about long afore I found out that it was one of these new fashioned clocks that we've heard about; but it's no more like them clocks that our Samuel peddles, than chalk is like cheese.

There were two other things, kinder like the clock, on both eends of the mantle shelf, but they warn't nigh so big, and they hadn't no pointers nor no woman on the top, and insted of the glass kiver there was long chunks o glass hanging down all round them, like icicles round the nose of our pump in the winter time. I give one on em a little lift jest to find out

what it was, but the glasses begun to gingle so that it scared me out of a years' growin, and I sot it down agin mighty quick I can tell you.

Wal, arter a while I begun to grow fidgety, so I sot down on a settee all covered over with shiney cloth like the chairs, but I guess I hoped up agin spry enough. I never saw anything giv as the seat did, I thought at first that I was a sinking clear through to the floor, clothes and all. It makes me fid\_ety to be shut up in a room alone, so I begun to fix a little; but all I could do, them new casamere pantaloons, that Judy White made for me, would keep a slipping up eenamost to the top of my boots. I don't see how on arth the chaps in New York keep their trousers' legs down so slick; one would think they had been dipped into 'em as marm makes her taller candles, they fit so.

Wal, arter I'd worked long enough on the tarnal things, I went up to a whapper of a looking glass, that reached eenamost from the top to the bottom o the room, and jest took a peep at a chap about my size on tother side. I tell you what it is, the feller there warn't to be sneezed at on a rainy day, if he did come from the country; though for a sixfooter he looked mighty small in that big looking-glass. I guess you'd a laughed to a seen him trying to coax his dickey to curl over the edge of that plaguey stiff bombazine stock that marm made, and to a seen him a pulling down them narrer short risbonds so as to make them stick out under his cuff, and a slicking down his hair on each side of his face with both hands; but it wouldnt stay though. Nothing on arth but a hog is so contrary as a feller's hair, when it once gets to sticking up, I do think.

I'd fixed up perty smart, considering, and was jest sticking my breast-pin a little more in sight, when the door opened and cousin Mary come in. If I hadn't expected it was her, I'm sartin I shouldn't a known her no more than nothing; she was so puckered up. She had on a silk frock ruffled round the bottom, and her hair hung in ~~gawd~~ long black curls down her neck, eenamost to her bosom, and she had a gold chain wound all round her head, besides one a hanging about her neck, and her waist warn't bigger round than a pint cup. I never was so struck up in my life, as I was tu see her. Instid of coming up and giving me a good shake o' the hand or a buss—there wouldn't a ben any harm in't as we were cousins—she put one foot fored a little and drew t' other back kind 'o catecornering, and then she sort o' wiggled her shoulders, and bent fored and made a curchey, city fashion. Sez I tu myself, "If that's what you're up to, I'll jest show you that we've had a dancing school in Weathersfield since you left it, Miss Beebe." So I put out my right foot and drew it up into the holler of tother foot, and let my arms drop down a sort a



parpendicular, and bent for'ard—jest as a feller shuts a jack knife when he's afeard of cutting his fingers—and keeping my eyes fixed on her face, though I did have to roll 'em up a leetle—I reckon I give her a purty respectable sample of a Wethersfield bow to match her York curches.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Slick," sez she, a screwing her mouth up into a sort of a smile; but when I saw how she was stuck up I want agoing to be behind hand with her, so I puckered up my mouth too, though it was awful hard work, and sez I, "after you is manners for me, Miss Beebe."

With that she sot down in one of the rocking chairs and stuck her elbow on her arm and let her head drop into her hand as if she warnt more than half alive, and sez she,—

"Take an ottoman Mr. Slick."

I guess I turned red enough for I had'nt no idee what she ment, but I sot down on one of the foot-stools at a venter, and then she said,

"How do Mr. and Mrs. Slick do? I hope they're well."

I felt my ebenezzer a gitting up to hear her call her husband's own uncle and aunt such stuck up names, and sez I,

"Your uncle and aunt are purty smart, so as to be joggng about, thank you, Miss Beebe." I had'nt but jest got the words out of my mouth when there was a bell-rang so as to make me jump up, and in a minute arter cousin John came in.

Your loving son,  
JONATHAN SLICK.

## LETTER II.

### *The Family Dinner and effects of July Cider.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Wethersfield, in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR:

"Wal, I see you've found the way cousin Slick," sez he. "Mary, my dear, is dinner ready?"

She had'nt time to speak before two great doors slid into the partition, and there was another room jest as much like the one we was in, as two peas in a pod. A table was sot in the middle of the room, all civered with rale China dishes, and first rate glass tumblers, and a silver thing to set the pepper box in—you haint no idee how stilish it was. But as true as you live, there stood that eternal nigger, close by the table, as large as life. I did'nt know what to make on it, but sez I to myself, if cousin John's got to be an abolitionist and expects me to eat with a nigger, he'll find himself mistaken, I'll be darned to darnation if he don't! But I need'at a got so wrathy; the

critter did'nt offer to set down, he only stood there to get anything that we wanted.

"Do you take verminsilly, Mr. Slick?" says Miss Beebe, biting off her words as if she was afraid they'd burn her. With that she took the kiver off one of the dishes, and begun to ladle out some soup with a great silver dipper as bright as a new fifty cent piece.

"No, thank you," says I, "but I'll take some of that are soup instead, if you've no objection." The critter was jest beginning to pucker up her mouth again, as if she'd found out something to poke fun at, but cousin John looked at her so eternal cross that she was glad to choke in. I suppose cousin John see that I felt dreadful uneasy, so he said, kind a coaxing,

"She meant verminsilly soup, cousin Slick. Let her help you to some, I'm sartin you'll like it.

"Wal," says I, "I don't care if I du." So I took up a queer looking spoon that lay by my plate, and tried to eat, but all I could du, the soup would keep a running through the spoon into the dish agin. I tried and tried to git one good mouthful, but I might jest as well have determined to dip up the Connecticut river in a sieve, and the most I could git was two or three sprangles of little white things that I stirred up from the bottom of the plate, that did'nt taste bad, but to save my life I could'nt make out what they were made out of. Arter I'd ben a fishing and diving ever so long, a trying to git one good spoonful, so that I could tell what it was, I looked up, and there was the nigger showing his teeth, and rolling about his eyes, like a black cat in the dark. It made me wrathy, for I surmized that he was a larfing to see me a working so to git a mouthful of something to eat. I could'nt hold in any longer, so I jumped up and flung down the spoon upon the floor, as spiteful as could be, and sez I to the nigger, sez I,

"What do you stand a grinning at there, woolly head, go and git me a spoon that haint got no slits in it, I'd as lief eat with a rake as that are thing?"

"Ha, ha, haw," larfed out the eternal black varmint, "I thought you would not make the fork hold."

With that Miss Beebe giggled right out, and cousin John looked as if he would a burst to keep from larfing too.

"Stop your noise, sir," says he to the nigger, "pick up the fork, and give Mr. Slick a spoon."

I begun to feel awful streaked, I can tell you; but I sot down agin, and took up the real spoon, which lay on a kind of towel folded up by my plate, and I begun to eat, without saving a word, though I'd a gin a silver dollar if they would a let me got up and licked the nigger.

Wal, arter I'd got a good mouthful of the



soup, I could'nt make out what it was made of for I could'nt remember of ever seeing the name Miss Beebe called it by, in the dictionary. Maybe it's Latin, says I, to myself, and then I tried to think over what it could mean, and if nobody had told me what the definition was in the Latin school which you sent me to there in Weathersfield. Verminsilly! Verminsilly! Verminsilly! kept a running through my head all the time. I knew what silly meant well enough, and then it popped into my head, all at once, that *vermin* comes from the Latin *vermis*, which means worms. Worm soup! my gracious, the very idee of it made me feel awful bad at the stomach. But I might have known it by the looks, and I should if I'd ever heard of such a thing, for the little slim critters swimming round in the liquor, looked as much like angle-worms biled down white as could be. Arter I found out what it was made of, I rather guess they did'nt catch me a eating any more of their verminsilly soup; so I pushed it away half across the table, and wiped my mouth purty considerably with my pocket handkerchief. The nigger took the whole on't away, and I declare I was glad enough to git rid of it.

"What on arth have they put this towel here for?" says I to myself; and then I stole a sly look over to cousin Beebe, to see if he'd got one, or if they only gave towels to company. Cousin John had one jest like mine, but he'd spread it out on his lap, so I jest took up mine and civered over my casameres with it too.

Considering there was no onions on the table, I made out a purty fair dinner. I was a beginning to think about moving when the nigger brought a lot of blue glass bowls about half full of water, and sot one down by each of us. What they could be for I had'nt the least notion, but I kept a bright look out to see what cousin John did, and when I saw him dip his fingers into his bowl and wipe em on a sort of red towel which the nigger brought along with the bowls, I jest went over the manoeuvre as natural as life.

Wal, while we were talking about the banks, and old times, and Weathersfield folks dying off so, that coot of a nigger cleared the table right off as slick as a whistle, and afore I hardly knew what the fellow was up to he come along and sot down a set of decanters, and two cider bottles with the necks all covered over with sheet lead and then he brought two baskets made out of silver, one on 'em was filled chuck full of oranges and tother was heaped up with great purple grapes; I declare it enalmost made my mouth water to see the great bunches a hanging over the edge of the basket. I'd jest put a whopper of a bunch on the little China plate which the feller set for me, and was considering whether it would be genteel to cut the grapes in two with the cunning little silver knife which

was put by the plate, when, all to once, pop went something, enalmost as loud as a pistol, close by me. I jumped up about the quickest, I can tell you; but it was only the nigger a opening one of the cider bottles; he poured out some for me in a great long glass with a spindle neck, and I drunk it all at a couple of swallows, without stopping to breathe. By jingo! but it was capital cider; arter I'd drunk one glass I begun to feel as spry as a cricket.

"Here, snowball" sez I, give us another; these glasses are awful small; now, I like to drink cider out of a pint mug.

"Take care," says cousin Beebe, "I'm afraid you'll find the cider, as you call it, rather apt to get into your head."

"Not a bit of it," sez I, "I can stand a quart any day. Here, cousin Mary, take another glass, you haint forgot old times have you? though I spose they dont have applecuts and quiltings here in York do they?"

I don't remember what she sed, but I know this, my eyes begun to grow alfred bright, and afore I got up to go home, that nigger must have put more than twenty baskets of grapes on the table, and the oranges seemed to grow bigger and bigger every minit, and I know there wur more than three times as many glasses and decanters on the table, as there was at first. I ruther think it was purty 'high tea time when I got up to go back to the sloop agin. I insisted on giving cousin Mary a huss afore I went; and I won't be sartin, but I kinder seem to remember shaking hands with the nigger, consarn him, jest afore went down the steps.

I don't feel very bright this morning, and I begin to think that maybe I shall come back to Weathersfield arter all. The York cider don't seem to agree with me. I've felt dreadful peaked ever since I drunk it, and kinder hum sick tu boot.

Your loving son,  
JONATHAN SLICK.

### LETTER III.

*Jonathan visits the Express Office—Sensations on seeing himself in print.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR;

Since I wrote my last letter there's been no end to the things that I've had to do. Arter thinking about it enalmost two nights, I about made up my mind to settle down here in York a spell, and send you a grist of letters now and then, which I mean to get printed in the New York Express, the way I told you of.

I've been up to see the editors, and they want me to stay properly, and I don't think I shall ever get so good a chance to take up the literary way of getting a living, as they call it, if I don't snap at this offer to once.

I thought at first that I'd try some other newspaper, and see if I could get a higher bid, but somehow I'd taken a shine to the Express, and thought it wasn't worth while. It wasn't because there wasn't papers enough, for you can't step three steps here in York, without stumbling over a little stuck up newspaper office. Besides, there's no end to the papers carried round in the streets. You can't go any where but some little dirty shaver or other, about knee high to a toad, will stick a paper out under your nose, and ask you to buy it, as crank as can be. Somehow, it kinder seemed to me that the New York Express took the shine off the papers that I'd see among 'em all, though they was as thick as toads arter a rain storm. I had a notion to write for it from the first, because, thinks sez I, that prime feller, Major Jack Downing, writes a good deal for it, and I rather think we shall hitch tackle like any thing.

Wal, jest as soon as I made up my mind about it, I went right off, full chisel, up to the Express Office. I'd been up there once afore to put up my t'other letter into the Post Office, and so the minute I come to a high peaked sort of a house, and see New York Express Office writ on the eend, I knew it was the office without asking. So I crossed over, and kinder hung about a little, jest to make my heart stop a beating so, afore I went in. I swanny if I ever felt so in my life! I was so anxious about that long letter that I sent to them to get printed for you, that I was dreadful loth to go in, and eenamost made up my mind to turn about and make tracks for the sloop agin!

Wal, sez I to myself, it won't do any hurt jest to take a look about the premises afore I go. A feller can find out a good deal about a man's nature, by the looks of things about the place he lives in; so I drew up before a board, all stuck over with picters, and pieces of old newspaper, by the eend of the building, and putting my hands in my pockets, I stood still, and looked upwerts to see what I could make out. Wal, now, says I to myself, I rather think a purty smart wind, sich as I've seen in old Connecticut, when Squire Sike's barn was turned bottom eend upwerts, would make this house shake a few. I shouldn't like to be up in the top story in a heavy gale anyhow. Now, what on arth, sez I, looking down into a leetle pen, boarded off the eend of the office, can the editors want to du with this ere?

By the hokey, sez I, arter thinking a minute, I've made it out. These Editor chaps have jest cut their eye-teeth, and begin

to find out the difference between good, solid broadside pork, fatted with genuine Inguna corn, and the lean, peaked, slunk-up critters, that go about here a rooting among the dirt and a wallering in the gutters till a feller darsent put on a white pair of trowses, for fear the dirty varminits will run agin him.

Sez I to myself, these Editors know what they're about; they mean to fat their own pork, and then they'll know what it's fed on. Some how the sight of the empty pen put me in mind of old times, and I begun to think about the cattle and the spring shotes that Judy White used to take such care on, till the tears eenamost come into my eyes, I was so humsick.

Wal, I was standing there on the stun walk, with both hands buried considerable deep in my trousers' pockets, a lookin up at the sign writ out on the yaller eend of the office, when a feller come up and begun to read the pieces of paper stuck on the board jest outside the pig-pen. So I wiped the tarnal tears away with the cuff of my coat, for it made me feel kinder cheap to have anybody see a feller of my size boo-hooing in York streets because he happened to think about hum and old times; and I got up a little grit, and went right straight forward into the office. A chap that sot back of a sort of counter, where there was a lot of papers folded up, lifted his head once, and went to writing agin as if I warnt nobody.

"Do you print the Evening Express here?" sez I kinder low, for I felt so dreadful anxious about the letter, that I was eenamost choked.

"Yes," sez he, a gitting up; "do you want one?"

"Wal, I don't care if I take one," sez I, a forking out a fourpence halfpenny from my trowses' pocket. "Anything particular—that is, purty smart in it to-day?"

"Nothing very remarkable to-day," sez he, "but if you call to-morrow we shall print a capital letter from one Mr. Jonathan Slick of Weathersfield."

I swanny if my heart didn't jump like a rabbit at the sight of a piece of sweet apple in snow time! "You don't say so," sez I, and I tried not to look tickled all I could, but somehow my mouth wouldn't stay still; and I haint the least doubt but that I kept grinning in the feller's face, jest like a monkey over a hot chestnut. It was as much as I could do to keep from jumping over the counter and bugging him, I was so all-fired glad.

He didn't seem to mind, but sot down and begun to write agin as if nothing was the matter, and so I took up the paper and went off; but, I ruther guess I stepped high, for I kept thinking what you and narm and Judy White would say when you saw yourselves all in print as large as life.

When I went out, there stood the chap a



reading the pieces of newspapers yit. I wanted to go up and shake hands with him and tell him all about it, I was so full of what the chap inside said about my letter, but I didn't though. I went down to the sloop, and I wanted to tell Captain Doolittle about it. But, sez I to myself, I'll choke in to-day, but if his eyes don't stick out to-morrow I'll lose my guess.

I ruther think that I didn't let the grass grow under my feet, when Thursday come, but up I went to the Express Office, like a house a fire. It raly seem'd as if my heart would bust, I was so dreadful anxious to see the paper. I didn't stop to ketch breath but went right into the office, and there sot a couple of fellers that looked as stiff and knowing as could be, back of the counter. Sez I to myself, I guess I've found the editors this time any how.

"I want to get five papers right off," sez I (laying a quarter o'dollar on the counter), with that one of the editors got up, as mealy-mouthed as could be, and he put the quarter back in my hand—sez he,

"Mr. Slick, we shan't take money from you; here are the papers—come, take a seat back of the counter here—we want to have a little talk with you."

Wal, I went back, and the tallest of the two chaps got up and gin me his chair, and says he, "Mr. Slick we've printed your letter, and should like to have some more on 'em."

I hitched a little in my chair, and sez I, "wal, if we can agree about the price, I don't care if I send you a few more now and then."

"What subjects do you mean to take up, Mr. Slick?" says the shortest one.

"Wal," sez I, "I haint made up my mind yet, but I reckon a most anything that turns up."

"Supposing you try politics," sez the tall feller. "Major Jack Downing has done purty well in that line. The 'lection comes on soon, and it'll be a good time for you to begin."

"Wal," sez I, "I'll go about a little, and see how I like it."

"That's settled then," sez tother. "Now Mr. Slick, if we aint making too bold, I should like to know how long you have been in New York?"

I kinder larfed in my sleeve to hear the sly coot try to come round, and find out who I was and all about me. Sez I to myself, I aint quite sartin about the tall chap there, but I'll be blamed if you've the least bit of Yankee in you. Now a feller of real givine grit would come up to the mark tu once, and would a jest asked a feller right out who he was, and where he come from, and how much he was worth, and how much he owed, besides some cute questions about his

wife and children, if he'd wanted tu. Wal, thinks I, the nan haint been brought up to these things, and he haint to be blamed for not knowing how. So I put one leg over tother, and sez I,

"Wal, gentlemen, it haint of no use to go circumventing round the subject, as old Deacon Miles used to in his exhortations, that hadn't neither end, middle, nor beginning. So I'll jest up and tell right out who I am, and what I mean to do."

"I 'spose you've heard of Samuel Slick, the feller that wrote that ternal smart book about Canada, wooden clocks, and matters and things in general?"

"Sam Slick, you mean," sez the tall editor.

"No, I don't," sez I, setting up straight; "he was baptized Samuel in the old Presbyterian Meeting House in Weathersfield, and nobody but the newspaper chaps ever thought of calling him Sam. It's too bad this notion of cutting off the latter end of a feller's name; its a whittling things down a leetle too close, and it looks as if a feller's father was so awful poor, that he couldn't afford to give a hull name to his posterity. Wal, Samuel Slick, Esquire, is my own horn brother—I haint no idea of bragging about my relation, because it's my notion that in a free country everyfeller ought to cut his own fodder, but when a man's relations is getting up in the world, its of no use to be meely-mouthed about owning 'em."

"Yes," says the tall chap, "Mr. Samuel Slick is a relation which any man might be proud to own."

I larfed a little. "Sartinly," sez I, "Samuel has contrived to come his 'soft sodder' over you newspaper chaps about the nicest. I've a notion too that they'll find out that I haint much behind hand with him; but I mean to write something about my life in Weathersfield one of these days, and send it to you to print."

"Now, I tell you what it is, I've a notion to hire an office, somewhere down in Cherry-street, and if you'll print my letters, why, I reckon I can make out to get a living out of these Yorkers, by hook or by crook. I mean to do things above board and in an independent way, jest to see how the experiment 'ill work, but if I find that it won't do, I'll take up Samuel's plan and go the soft sodder principle; his mode 'ill work tarnation well, and if they don't find Jonathan Slick, your most obedient servant to command, a chip from the same block, I lose my guess, that's all!"

When I'd said this I got up and put on my hat, and then I happened to think about the fourpence-hapenny, and I turned to the chap that sot writing and sez I,—

"Look a here! I believe I forgot to take change for fourpence tother day. I'll take that three cents now, if you've no objection."

The feller handed over the three coppers, and I pocketed 'em as I went out a doors. "A jenny saved is worth two arned," sez I to myself.

The very minute I got into the street, I couldn't hold in any longer. So I jest stopped on the walk by the Post-office and opened one of the papers. By the living hokey! if the first thing I see wasn't a picter of my own self, as large as life and twice as nat'ral, astanding up on the top of the paper as crank as could be. There was the Express office and the teinty pig pen, and all jest as it was when I first see 't. I swan! if I didn't haw-haw right out loud in the street! Down I went to the sloop, about the quickest, and I up and told Captin Doolittle all about it. I thought the farnal critter would a gone off the handle, he larfed so when he saw how nat'ral the picter looked; but he larfed on t'other side of his mouth, I reckon, when he read what I'd said about him in the letter. He got awful wrathly, but I only sot still and took it as if nothing had been the matter.

"Look a here, Captin Doolittle," sez I; "aint Editors and Lawyers always abusing one another in print? Don't they call each other all kinds o' names, and then don't they shake hands and come soft sodder over each other when they come face to face? If you have the honor of going about with a man that writes for newspapers, you must be an eternal coot if you git mad because he prints, that you love cider-brandy and eat raw turnips. I can tell you what, you wouldn't find many newspaper chaps that'd stick to the truth as close as I did. So jest haul in your horns, and I'll write a private letter to Par, and tell him all I said about you was 'poetical license,' as the editors call it when they've told a whopper, or a leetle too much truth—for one's as bad as t'other now-a-days."

"Wal," sez he, "if you'll do that, I'll make up; but it's all-fired hard. But I say, Jonathan, you'll stand treat, won't you?"

I felt sorry for the critter, and so I went to a grocery with him, and I guess the long pines and the New England rum that I called for sot all things to rights in less than no time.

Your loving son,  
JONATHAN SLICK.

#### LETTER IV.

##### *The Political Meeting and its Disasters.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR:

Wal, a few nights ago, I thought I'd try one of them political meetings the Editors

wanted me tu attend and see how they carried on there. So Captin Doolittle and I went tu one of the great halls hired for caucuses and crowded in by degrees, for the hull buildin was jamed full of human live-stock long afore we got there. Arter a good deal of scuffling, we got up by one of the winders where we could see purty much all that was going on. I never in all my born-days saw such a lot of horned cattle together. Some on 'em was barefooted, and a good many hadn't more than a coat and a pair of trousers among four or five on 'em. One feller close by me had the rim of his hat ripped off till it hung down on his shoulders: the top was stove in, and he had a black eye, besides another that wouldn't see straight. "Look a here," sez he to me, "why don't you shout when we do?"

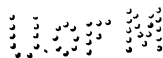
"Because I aint a mind to," sez I, "how are you going to help yourself?" Jest then a leetle pussy lawyer cum a crowdin though the gang, and at the sight of him they all sot up a noise that made my hair stand on end.

I never heard anything like it, they yelled and hollared enough to split the ruff off the house. The chunked feller, with his hat knocked into the middle of next week, poked about with his elbows till he got room to draw his fiddle bow across a rickety fiddle, that had two of the strings broke off and was cracked from eend to eend. Squeak, squeak, went the fiddle close to my ear, like a pig when he's being yoked. With that, a lot of fellers, some with their coat tails tore off, and some with their trousers held up with a piece of list instead of galluses, and every one on 'em as ragged as year old colts, begun to dance up and down the room, but such double shuffles and pigeon wings, was enough to make a feller die a larfin. Our old white cow used to dance twice as well when she got into one of her tantrums. "Hurra for our side! hurra! hurra!" yelled out a tall feller close by the fidler, with a mouth that twisted one way and his nose curling off on t'other side, as if they hated each other like cats and dogs; and with that he took off his old straw hat and shied it off into the middle of the dancers. It lodged on the top of a feller's head that was jest then trying to cut a pigeon wing over one of the benches.

"Helloa, you feller you, jest toss back that hat, will you?" sung out the tall feller, a pitching fored head over heels arter his hat.

"No I won't, I'll be rumbusticated if I do," sez the toth'r chap, a pushing toward the door, holding the hat down with both hands, as if he warnt used to them kind o' things; "all fair in 'lection time. Hurra for equal rights!"

Jest then there come in a grist of fellers a yelling and a kicking up their heels like all possessed. They'd brought in some more 'lection news.



"Who on arth can these critters be?" sez I to Captin Doolittle.

"Oh that's a squad of Irishmen; don't you see how the hair's all worn off their heads a-carrying brick hods on 'em?" says the Capin.

"You don't say so; now by gracious how they do blather out their words, don't they?" sez I, but I might as well a been talking to a stun fence, for jest that minit the hull on 'em sot up a noise that was enough to make a feller's eye teeth jump out of his head.

Did you ever hear four hundred thousand wild cats and bears, and wolves, and screech owls, a squalling, and a howling, and a squeaking together? If you haint, there's no use trying to make you have the least idea how that eternal crowd of critters did hoot and yell. There they were a screaming, and a stamping, and a dancing, and a fiddling, all in a heap, till a feller couldn't hear himself think, and wouldn't a known what he was thinking about if he did hear.

Now, sez a leetle man by the winder, clear your pipes, feller citizens; let's give 'em a song. I've got one printed off here so that you can all jine in. Them that can't read or don't know the tune can sing Yankee Doodle or Hail Columbia.

With that he flung a hull grist of papers among the crowd and begun to raise his Ebenezer rather strong afore the rest sot in. By am by they all got a goin and the way they roared out the song was awful, I can tell you. Some of 'em sung in one tune and some in another—every man went on his own hook. The pussy little feller pulled away on the fiddle like all natur, and the chap with the skewed nose made a plaguey squeaking with a split fife that he had. The feller that hadn't no crown in his hat bellered out Auld Lang Syne, and I see another chap holding his paper upside down, and blowing away at Old Hundred like all natur. When they begun to drop off, for it warnt to be expected that such a heap of critters could stop all together, the pussy feller with the fiddle yelled out, "Hurra for the song!—Three cheers for singing!" And then they went at it agin, a hooting and tossing up their hats—them that had 'em—as if Old Nick himself had kicked 'em on eend. By gracious! I don't believe such a lot of white Inguns ever got together before, or ever will agin. There was one great feller, as pussy as a bag of bran in harvest time, that roared out his words like a hog that had been larned to talk.

"That's a Yorkshireman," sez Captin Doolittle, "I'll treat if it aint."

"Wal, who on arth is that feller there a talking to that little stuck up chap with the peaked nose? What in the name of natur does he mean by his *spracks* and his *yaws*? If I was the little feller, I'd jest thank him not to bark in my face that way; he opens

his mouth as if he was a going to swaller the poor critter hull, every time he speaks—do tell, who can he be, Capin?"

"Wal," sez the Captin, "I don't know sartin, but I ruther guess he's one of them Dutch fellers, by his lingo."

"There, now, look a there," sez I, a pitting to a feller that had jest come up to the Dutch chap. He wasn't over clean, anyhow, but he had a great brass handkacher-pin stuck in his bosom, and he strutted so that a common chap couldn't a touched him with a ten foot pole. I poked my elbows into Captin Doolittle's ribs, to try and make him tell me what he was; but he was a looking t'other way, and wouldn't mind me. By am by the feller begun to talk to the Dutch chap. He kept a flinging his arms about every which way, and a jabbering over a mess of lingo that was enough to make a man larf in his face. The words all run together like marm's curd when the cheese gets contrary and won't set. The Dutch feller kept a opening his mouth, and once in a while a word would come out full chunk right in t'other's face. Thinks sez I, if this aint a touch of the dead languages, it ought to be, that's all—for it's enough to make a feller die right off to hear it. He seemed to be ashamed of himself at last, and begun to try to talk genuine American, but he made awful work on't. By am by I found out that he was a Frenchman; for a tall lathy feller, that I'd a took my Bible oath come straight off the Green Mountains, went up to him, sort o' wrathly, and sez he, "Hold your yop, you tarnal Frenchman; if you don't like this country and what we're a doing, you'd better go back hum agin. I haint no doubt but you can git enough frog soup without coming here to run us down."

The French feller turned as red as a turkey's topping, and he began to sputter away as mad as he could be. But tother chap jest put his hands in his pockets and sez he—"you go to grass" I don't know what else he said for that minit they all sot up one of their almighty roars and yelled out—"a speech, a speech." Then a feller with spectacles on, got up to make a speech and arter rolling up his shirt sleeves and spitting on his hands as if he was going to chopping wood, he went at it shovel and tongs.

I'll be darn'd to darnation if it didn't make my blood bile to hear how he went on. Such a stream o' talk I never did hear come from one human critter. At last I got so wrathly that I couldn't stand it no longer, and bust right out the minit he'd got through.

"Feller citizens of New York," sez I, a mourning myself on the winder cill, and sticking my right arm out as stiff as a crowbar, "I aint much used to public speaking, but I must say a few words."

"Hurra for the Yankee—go it green horn

—tip us a speech, a rale downright Roarer!" sung out more than a dozen on 'em, and all the men about me turned their jaws up, and opened their mouths as if I'd been histed up there for a show.

"Feller citizens," sez I, "I've been a listening to you here this night (they kept as still as mice now) and the rale American blood has been biling in my heart to see such carryings on, and to hear such things said as that feller's been a talking,—("Hussle him out," sez they: "throw him over: go it ye cripples;") but when they got still, sez I "Since I've come here to this city I've almost made up my mind that there aint a guanine teetotal patriot among ye all, on one side or tother, and that the least shake of a truth would suit a downright politic feller as well as water would a mad dog, and no better!" ("Hurra for the Yankee," sez they.) "Now," sez I, a sticking out both arms to once, "In revolutionary times it was worth while to a public character to turn soldier, or patriot, or politician, for in them times folks found so much to do that they couldn't git time to lie so like all natur as they do now a days. In them glorious times a feller could shoulder his bagonet and write out his politics on the heart of the innemy, and there warnt no mistake in the hand writing. (What a clapping and stomping they made here!) When they sung out liberty I reckon the British knew the meaning on't." ("Three cheers for the Yankee," sez they again, "Three cheers for the Yankee," and then they hollored, and yelled, and whooped and stomped, and whooped and yelled agin and agin, like so many Injuns jest broke loose—then sez I— for I *was* sceered by the noise they made, and my hair stood up an eend I felt so dandery. "Feller citizens, as true as I live, it eenamost makes me cuss and swear to think on't. When the people of these times sing out liberty, a feller can't tell whether they mean to tear down a flour store or roast a nigger alive." (But don't you think, that when I got as fur as here, as much as two thousand on 'em was taken dreadful sick all to once, and groaned out in rale agony,) "but," sez I, "I don't wonder the old Revolutionary Patriots die off so. What I've seen of politics is enough to send every one on 'em into the grave with their tough old hearts broken and their foreheads wrinkled with shame at the news they have got to carry to General Washington in tother world!"

I stopped to catch a little breath and was jest poking out my arm agin to go on, for I felt as bold as a lion, and the words came a flowing into my mouth so thick, I couldn't but jest find room for 'em. But the eternal pack of varminits set up a yell, that would a frightened any man out of a year's growth, and a'ore I knew which eend my head was on, they got hold on me and pitched me down

stairs, and left me a wallering in the gutter. The first thing I knew I felt something floundering about under me, and a great black hog that had been a lying in the gutter give a grunt, and pitched me fore'd on my face and went off squealing a little as if he was used to being driv up by company any time of night in them quarters.

Wal, I picked myself up as well as I could, and I went down to the Express office like a streak of chalk. I found the tall editor a setting there counting up some 'lection figgers, and he looked eenamost tuckered out. Sez I, "Mister Editor, look a here," and with that I showed him where they'd bust out the back of my coat a flinging me down stairs, and how that plaguy hog had kivered my new carsimere trousers all over with mud. —Sez he, and he couldn't keep from larfin, "don't mind it Mr. Slick; I've got wuss usage than that many a time."

"Yis," sez I, as wrothy as all natur, "but I guess you haint bin pitched head fore'd into the gutter with that tarnal hog."

"Wal," sez he, a trying to keep from larfin all he could, "try it again Mr Slick, you'll get used to these things by am by."

"I'll be darned to darption if I do, and that's the eend on't!" sez I; a doubling up my fist. "If I can't find nothing but politics to write about, I'll go back to Weathersfield about the quickest, I can tell you that."

Wal, the long and the short on it was, I got back to the sloop and turned in awfully womblecropped, and as sore all over as a bile. I can't go out to-day so I have writ this letter.

From your loving Son,  
JONATHAN SLICK.

## LETTER V.

### *A Little of Jonathan's Private Love Affairs.*

#### TO THE EDITORS OF THE EXPRESS:

Wal, you see I'm as good as my word. I hadn't hardly read t'other letter through, afore I sot right down and begun another right off the reel. By the living jingo! how it makes the blood bile and tingle in a fellow's heart to see his writin printed, and to hear people a talking about it. I wish you could a seen my office the morning arter that fust letter cum out. I thought my neck would 've got the cramp, I had to bow so much to the folks that cum in to give me advice about my letters. One fellow got awful wrathy about what I writ about politics, but I jest told him to mind his own bisness, for I guessed my eye teeth was cut if did cum from the country. He begun to git a leele

imperdent, so I got up and showed him the door; and when he wouldn't go peaceably, I jest guv him a specimen of Weathersfield sole-leather, but it's no use writing about such varmint.

Now you know who I be, you won't think it very odd when I tell you how awful wumblecropt I felt to think what a chance the old folks give Samuel to see the world, while they kept me tied down to the onion beds as tight as marm Jones used to be to that leetle squallen youngen of hern, that was so cross that its teeth couldn't cut straight, but stuck out catecornering all round its gums.

It made me choke awfully to see Samuel drive off with his waggon chuck full of wooden clocks, all painted and varnished up as neat and shining as one of your New York gal's faces on a Sunday. I could bit a ten-penny nail right in two without feeling it a morsel; but it was no use quarrelling. The old man said I hadn't got my growth yet, which was true enough, for it kinder stunted me to be always a bending over the darnation onion patches. It was awful hard, I can tell you. I do believe, if it hadn't been for the resting spells I got in the winter, I should a been as how-backed as an ox yoke. I'll be darned, if it didn't take me from fall till planting time to git the kinks out of my back.

Wal, I grinned and bore it purty well, considering, and, to own the truth, it wasn't so terrible hard while Judy White lived with marm. For a hired gal, Judy was a tarnal smart critter; there wasn't a gal in all Weathersfield could pull an even yoke with her a stringin onions. Nothin on arth puts a feller to his stumps like pulling in the same team with a purty gal—and between us, it aint no ways disagreeable to set down in the middle of a patch of onions all runnin to seed, to work with a gal like Judy. I say nothin, but, by gracious! if my heart hasn't beat like a partridge on a dry log, sometimes when I've caught her a lookin at me from under her great sun-bonnet; but as for courtin, or any thing of that sort, she kept a feller at a distance, I can tell you. I ruther guess my ears caught it once, but I guess I won't tell of that though; it's better to think about than talk over.

I don't mean to say that Judy had any thing agin sparking in a reg'lar way, on Sunday nights in the east room, when the paper curtains was all down and the old folks had gone to bed. It cum kinder nateral to set up till two or three o'clock, and Judy warn't by no means old-maidish. But by am by the old woman begun to make a fuss cause we burnt out so many of her candles. She needn't a made such a rout, for they want made of nothin but soap grease with tow wicks; and I'm sartin it wasn't my fault if we burnt so many. I'd a ben glad enough

to have sot in the dark, but Judy wouldn't hear a word to it.

The old woman got into a tantrum one Monday morning afore breakfast. She called Judy all sorts of things but a good gal and a lady, and twitted her about being poor and setting her cap for me. At last Judy got her grit up, and I ruther guess she finished off the old woman in fine style. I suffered a few between them, I can tell you. The old woman begun to brag about Samuel, for she's felt mighty crank about him ever since he had that great dinner give to him down on the Canada line there—and sez she to Judy, sez she—

"I don't see how on arth you aim to think of sich imperdence as sitting up with my Jonathan. Why, aint my Samuel one of the biggest authors in the country, aint he hand and glove with all the judges and lawyers, and the New York editors, and all the big bugs fur and near? I'd have you to know my boys aint men of the common chop, and I guess any on 'em will look a plaguey sight higher than to take up with a hired gal. Why, who knows but Jonathan will be as illustrated a man as his brother, one of these days!"

I couldn't begin to give the least idea of the stream o' talk the old woman let out on the poor gal. But, by gracious, I rather guess she missed it a few. I wish you could a'seen Judy White's face, for by the living hokey, if it didn't turn five hundred colours in a minit. I raly thought the critter would a jumped out of her skin she was so awful mad.

"I don't care that for your son, Miss Jones," sez she, a snapping her fingers in the old woman's face, "I can marry his betters any day. I wouldn't have him, not if every hair in his head was shining with dimonds; no not if he'd go down on his knees to me; you make a terrible fuss cause Sam's gone sneaking about among decent people, but, after all, what is he but a wooden clock pedler, and as for you, you old vinegar-faced, good for nothin——"

She was a going on to give poor marm an awful drubbing, but I always think a feller must be a mean shote that 'ill stand mum and hear any body call his mother names, whether she desarves them or not. So I stepped up and stood right afore Judy, and I looked her right in the face, and, sez I, "Miss Judy," sez I, "I don't want to hear no more of this ere; come now, you and marm jest hush up, and don't let me hear another darned word, for I won't stand it."

With that marm put her linsey woolsey apron up to her face, and begun to boo hoo right out, and, sez she, "It comes awful tough to be trod on in one's own house; I won't bear it, so there now."

"Now, Judy," sez I, kinder coaxing, "jest

go and make up; marm's a good-hearted critter, and you know it's kinder natural for woman folks to git a little crabbed once in a while."

By gracious, if I wouldn't rather break a yoke of steers any day, than try to make up a quarrel between two women when they once git their dander up; and of all horned cattle Judy White did take the rag off the bush when she once got a goin'.

"Git out of my way, you mean, sneaking critter you," sez she, hitting me a slap over the chops that made my teeth rattle; "I won't make up, nor touch her; I only feel sorry that I ever demeaned myself to set up with you; I'll leeve the house this minit."

Out of the room she went like a she-hurricane, and after she had picked up her duds she made tracks for home, without as much as bidding one of us goodby.

It's curious how men will git used to eenamost any thing; now I don't purtend to say that I hadn't a kind of a sneaking notion after Judy White, and somehow when I seen the tears come into the old woman's eyes, dimming her old steel-bowed spectacles, the water always would start into my own eyes, spite of all I could do to keep it out, so it wasn't to be expected that I should not feel disagreeable when they two got their dander up, and went into such a tantrum with each other. But there sot the old man a chawing an apple, and kinder larfin inside of him all the time, jest as he'd a looked on to see two cats scratch and spit at one another. I axed him how he could du so, and he tossed the apple core out of the winder, and puckered up his mouth and said, "I hadn't got used to the women folks yit; the best way with them kind o' things was to let 'em alone."

Now it wouldn't a bin much of a chore to have gone over to old Mr. White's two or three times a week, and if Judy had done the clean thing toward the old woman, I don't know but I should a gone to see her over there, but somehow a gal kicks over the milk pail when she lets her ebenezer git up before a feller, jest as he's beginning to hanker arter her. I couldn't make up my mind to tackle in with a critter that had shown such an al-fired spiteful temper, so the next Sunday night I let her go home from singing school alone. I saw her look back kinder anxious two or three times, and jest for the minit my heart ris up in my throat till it eenamost choked me. But I kept a stiff upper lip, and went on without seeming to mind her; and then she tossed up her head and begun to sing, as if she wanted to show me that she didn't care a cent for all I could do.

I felt awful bad for a day or two, but a feller must be a sap-head if he can't make up his mind to give a gal the mitten when he thinks she deserves it. Now if Judy had a had

the small-pox, and had been pitted all over like a honey comb, I'd a stood by her to the last minit; but somehow I couldn't git over the awful basteing she gin marm. I do like to see old folks treated well, let em do what they will, and a gal can't be fit to bring up a family if she doesn't know how to keep her own temper. Besides, she hasn't much true, gинуine love for a chap, when she won't try to put up with the faults of his relations for his sake.

Wal, the long and the short of it was, I gin Judy White the sack right off the reel, without stopping to chew the matter a bit.

Wal, arter this, working alone grew awful tedious, and I begun to hanker to see the world. So as father was loading up a sloop to send down to New York, I came a little of Samuel's soft sodder over the old man, and told him how much better I could sell off the onions and red cabbages, than eenamost any body else; and at last he said I might come down as a kinder supercargo. So he filled up the hold with potato's, real blue noses, I can tell you, and piled up a whole crop of garden sarce on the deck, and we sot sail down the river.

Now, I'd made up my mind to stay in the city when I once got clear of the homestead, but you may guess I didn't let out a word to the old folks, for it always hurts my feelings to see marm take on, and I didn't like to make the old man rip out *too* much, for he was a deacon of the Presbytarin Church. We was three days a coming down the river, and it made me awful wrathly to see that lazy old critter, "the Cleopatras," go by us on her way to the city and back agin before we got into the East river. We give her two cheers each time, but neither on 'em come from below the palate, I can tell you. We got into Peck slip at last safe and sound, and if I didn't jump on to the wharf as spry as a cricket, then there's no snakes on the green mountain, that's all.

I am your humble servant to command,  
JONATHAN SLICK.

#### LETTER VI.

*Jonathan's Opinions of Ministerial Interference—A Card of Invitation, and an Evening Party at Cousin Beebe's, in which Jonathan makes some Mistakes and a Lady Acquaintance.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut.

DEAR PAR:

I have just received your letter, and so I sot right down to answer it; for what you writ about my treating Captin Doolittle, and



using sich bad language, made me feel bad enough. I don't know the reason on it, but when a feller's away from hum, it makes him feel awful uneasy to think that he's done any thing to hurt his par or mar's feelings.

Now, about that Captin Doolittle business, I don't think arter all, I was much to blame. What I writ about him hurt the critter's feelings a good deal, and I didn't know of any way to make up but to treat, and so I did give him a drink of New England and a long nine or so, but I didn't drink any myself, not a single horn, and it warnt more 'an half fair for the minister to begin at you about it arter meeting last Sunday, and to tell you that you hadn't brought me up in the virtue and admonition of the Lord, and to say that "you be darned" and "darnation," is just as bad as cussing and swearing right out. For him to take it on himself to twit you, and say that "jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," is consarned mean, and I wouldn't bear it nor a touch to if I was you. He knows as well as can be, that if I warnt bent right it wasn't no fault of yourn, for I'm sartin it wouldn't a been in the natur of things to have twisted me any other way than head forerd, if you calculated on my weeding the onions as they ought to be.

Now, the truth on it is, I begin to think that your ministers there in Connecticut pull the bit on the church members a leetle too tight sometimes, and instead of giving you good wholesome doctrine, right pure out of the Bible, and taking the potatoes and apples and wood and chickens and turkies that the deacons and old maids send to them as part pay, they sometimes contrive to make their being ministers an excuse for poking their fingers into every body's pie as well as their own.

I am afeard you won't like to hear me say so; but it does make me awful wrothy to hear that the minister threatened to turn you out of the church if you let me go on so—but you needn't be a bit consarned about that. He'd no more turn you out of the meeting than he'd strike his own granny, not as long as you own the best farm in all Weathersfield, and send him a fat turkey every thanksgiving day, besides paying pew tax and all the other taxes, as you do. I don't know what he might du if you was to fail and bust up; for as soon as a man begins to git poor, the ministers grow awful particular about his morality and religion; but there's no fear of that; so jest tell him the next time he threatens to church you for what I'm a doing down here in York, that you'll sarve him as the parliament in England used to fix their King when he begun to grow obstropulous, and as they would sarve that little skittish Queen of theirs if she warnted to have a way of her own. Tell him you'll "stop his supplies." Don't send him a turkey next

thanksgiving, and tell marm not to carry a single doughnut nor a skein of toe yarn to the next spinning-bee that his church members make for him. I ruther guess that this will bring him to his senses. As for me, tell him to go to grass and eat bog hay till he's as fat as Nebuchadnezzar. I arnt one of his church members any' how, and if I was, I shouldn't ask him to take care of me. I know what I'm about, and he needn't be scared on my account. I know as well as he does that York has a tarnal sight of bad people in it; and I know, too, that there's a good many rale down right honest, hull-hearted fellers here, too. As for the women, though they are dreadfully stuck up, and eenamost ruin their husbands with dressing fine and givin parties, there's some of them that aint to be sneezed at in a fog, I can tell you. I don't want to say any thing to hurt the minister's feelings, but he needn't come his church threats over me, for it won't du no good, I'll be darned if it will.

Wal, now that I've gin the minister a piece of my mind, free gratis for nothin, I may as well write what's been a going on down here in York.

One morning a little black boy cum into my office with a heap of letters, and he give me one without speaking a word, and went off agin. I opened the letter, and there dropped out a square piece of white pasteboard, and on it was printed, in leetle fine-fied letters, "Mrs. Beebe at home—Thursday evening."

Wal, sez I to myself, if this don't take the rag off the bush—cousin Mary's got to gad-ding about so much, that she has to send round word when she is a going to stay at hum one evening. I do wonder how Mr. Beebe can stand it. I shouldn't blame him if he took to drink, or got into bad company, if his wife goes on so; for if a woman won't stay to hum nights, and keep every thing nice and snug agin her husband comes away from his bisness, a feller must have an all-fired good heart, and good head too, if he don't go off and git into scrapes on his own hook.

I sot down and histed my feet on the top of the stove, and begun to think it all over, till it seemed to be my duty to go and talk to cousin Mary about the way she was a going on. I remembered what a purty, smart little critter she used to be when she lived in Connecticut, and how kind hearted she was; and then I thought of her queer stuck up ways since I'd seen her here; and it was as much as I could do to keep the tears out of my eyes, for if cousin Mary had been my own sister, I couldn't a liked her better than I did when she was a gal.

Wal, arter thinking it all over, I made up my mind to go and ask John if he didn't think it best for me to go and talk to her, for

I felt kinder loth to meddle with his bisness, if he didn't want me tu; and anyhow, I didn't expect much thanks for giving her advice—for when a feller steps in between man and wife, it's like trying to part a cat and a dog, and he is lucky enough if he don't git scratched by one and worried to death by t'other; but I looked at the piece of paste-board agin, and made up my mind that something ought to be done, and if John didn't take it up, I would; for if there's any thing I du hate on arth, it's a gadding woman—and I didn't feel as if I could give cousin Mary up quite yit.

Wal, I took my hat, and put my hands in my trousers' pockets, and walked along kinder slow through Cherry street, till I cum to Franklin Square. I didn't seem to mind anybody, for my heart felt sort a heavy with thinking of old times. I kept a looking down on the stun walk, and felt eenamost as much alone is if I'd ben in a Connecticut cramberry swamp, yit there was more than fifty people a walking up and down the Square. I'd got jest agin the old Walton House, that was built afore the revolutionary war, but was so busy a thinking, that I forgot to look up at the arms and figgers carved out over the door, every one of 'em put up there by a British tory family afore General Washington drove them out of house and hum—when all to once somebody hit me a slap on my shoulder that made me jump eenamost into the middle of next week. I looked up, and there was cousin Beebe a larfin like all natur because he'd made me jump so.

"Hello, cousin Jonathan!" sez he, "what the deuce are you thinking about?"

"About that," says I, a forking out the piece of pasteboard from my trousers' pocket, "a little stuck up nigger jest gin me that ere."

"Wal, what of it?" says cousin John, "it's all right I see, I suppose you'll come of course?"

"Yes," sez I, "I was jest a going down to see you about it, and if you'd jest as leve I'll go right straight up and talk to her now; I feel as if I could say enough to break her heart, if it has got ever so tough."

With that cousin Beebe bust right out a larfin. "That's right," says he, "you're coming on bravely, don't talk about one heart, I haven't the least doubt but you'll break a dozen—you literary chaps carry all before you in that way."

I felt kinder unsartin how to take his meaning, for it seemed as if he was a poking fun at me, for wanting to give his wife some good advice; at last I spoke up, and sez I—

"If cousin Mary has got *one* good sound heart left to break, since she come here to York, she's a good deal better off than I took her to be."

With that John begun to stare, and at last he bust out a larfin agin.

"Why," sez he, "you haint no idee or getting up a flirtation with Mary, have you? upon my word, cousin Slick, you are a shaking off all your steady habits in a hurry. It generally takes a feller, though, some months training, in fashionable society, before he can bring himself to make love to another man's wife."

"Now," sez I, "cousin Beebe, what on arth do you mean? as true as I live I shall git wrathful if you keep on in this way. Aint my father a deacon of the church? Aint I sot under Minister Smith's preaching since I was knee high to a toad? It's an alfred shame for you to talk to me as if I was a going to demean myself by making love to anybody, much less to another man's wife. When I do make love, sir I can tell you what, it will be with a hull heart and an honest one tu; I'll never be afeard to look a gal in the face when I ask her to take me, or to let her look in mine for fear she'll see villain writ out in my eyes. As for your married women, they needn't be afeard that anybody, I don't care how impudent he is, will make love to them, without they begin first. Now, Cousin Beebe, seeing as we've gone so far, jest look a here what your wife has sent to me!"

With that I gave him the paper which the pasteboard was done up in, where Cousin Mary had writ "Mrs. Beebe hopes Mr. Slick will not fail to come."

Cousin John read it and sez he "Wal, what harm is there in this? I'm sure it was very thoughtful of Mary, and I'm glad she did it. You will go of course; there will be a good deal of company, and they are all anxious to see you since your letters came out in the Express."

"What," sez I, "is Miss Beebe a going to have a party—why didn't she say so then?"

"Oh it's only a *swarry*, she often has them," says he.

"A what?" sez I.

"A *swarry*—a *conversationanny*," sez he. I couldn't think what he meant, but I remembered that jest afore Mary was married she used to have hysteric fits, now and then, and I thought they gave them things some other name down here in York.

"Dear me," sez I, "I'm sorry, but if I can do any good I'll come up, I s'pose you'll have a doctor."

"Oh yes," sez he, "there'll be two or three, besides lots of lawyers, and poets, and editors."

"You don't say so," sez I, "why what will you do with them all?"

"Oh Mary will take care of them," says he, "she does those things very well, an-

deed, considering she was brought up in the country."

"But I thought you wanted us to take care of her," sez I.

"Why, of course, you will all make yourselves as agreeable as you can; there will be lots of handsome women there, and I haint the least doubt we shall have a pleasant party."

"A party!" sez I, "is Miss Beebe a going to have a party?"

"Certainly," sez he, a looking puzzled; "didn't you understand that by the card and the note?" I felt my heart rise up in my mouth, and I could have begun to dance on the stun walk. I do believe nothing on earth makes a feller feel so happy as to find out that somebody he can't help but like, but has been a thinking hard things about, don't deserve them. Cousin John kept a looking at me, and I begun to feel awful streaked, for it seemed to me as if he suspected all that I'd been a thinking agin his wife. Arter a minit, I up and took my hand out of my pocket, and I took hold of hissen, and, sez I—

"Cousin John, I've been a making a darned fool of myself; I didn't know what this ere piece of pasteboard meant, and I"—

"Never mind, Cousin Jonathan," sez he, all of a sudden shaking my hand, "you know what it means now—so come up on Thursday. Now I think of it—you had better get a new suit of clothes; that blue coat and those shiny brass buttons did very well for Weathersfield; but here something a little more stylish will be better—supposing you go over to the Broadway tailors, and let them fit you out."

"Not as you know on," sez I, a taking hold of the edge of my coat, and a dusting off the buttons with my red silk pocket hankacher. "The picter that they printed of me in the Express newspaper was taken in these clothes; and if you'd just as leves, I'll keep 'em on."

Cousin John warnt to be put off so, and at last he come his soft sodder over me, till I agreed to git another suit of clothes, New York cut, for parties and meetings. So we shook hands, and he turned and went back to his store agin, for he was a coming up to my office; and I jest turned into a narrer street, and took a short cut across to the Express Office. The Editors gave me some money, for they aint no ways mean about paying me for what I write for their paper; and they put on the soft sodder purty strong about my letters. They said that everybody was a reading them, and a trying to find out something about me, and that lots of young ladies had seen my picture, and were a dying to git acquainted with me. I warnt much surprised at it. Arter putting the poetry into my letters so strong, I was sartin that all the

gals would be a talking about me. Nothing takes with them like poetry. I had my eye teeth cut when I wrote that I can tell you. I couldn't help but feel tickled to hear them praising me so; but somehow one gits used to being puffed up, and arter a little while a feller don't seem to care so much about it.

Wal I pocketed the cash and went to the tailors' store; it was a plaguy handsome place, and there were two or three spruce-looking chaps standing about; but they looked at me kinder slanting, as if they thought I didn't want to buy anything; and I could see one on them looking earnestly at my coat, as if he didn't like the fit 'n't. I declare I begun to git ashamed of the old blue, when I cum to see the handsome coats and vests and trowsers hanging around.

"Have you got any first rate superfine broadcloth coats and trowsers to sell here?" sez I, a chinking the loose change in my trowsers' pocket a leetle, jest to show them that I was as good as the city banks, and held out specie payments yit.

"Yes," sez one of the clerks, a bowing. "What color do you wish to look at?"

"Wal," sez I, "I rather think I'll take that color that looks so much like burnt coffee, or else a rale indigo blue, I aint particular, only I want it in the tip of the fashion—a rale harnsome fit, and all that, for I'm a going to a swarry and a conversationanny, and I want to shine like a new pin."

While I was a talking, a knowing sort of a feller come out of the back room, and when he see me a looking at a coat that I seemed to take a notion to, he cum up and began to talk about it—he pinte out the silk lining and the way it was stuffed and quilted under the arms, and would have me try it on. So I stripped off the old coat and put the new one on. I can tell you it sot as slick as grease; there warnt a wrinkle or a pucker in it, from the top of the velvet collar to the eend of the flap. I looked as trim and as genteel as could be in it—when it was buttoned over tight it seemed to me that I warnt bigger round than a quart cup.

Sez the gentleman, sez he "that's a capital fit sir, you won't do better than to take it."

"Wal," sez I, "I don't know as I shall, I kinder seem to like myself in it—how much do you ask, hey?"

"Why," sez he, "that's a first rate coat, superfine cloth and beautiful trimmings; but the times are hard, and I'll let you have it low for cash;" and then he sot his price; "but," sez he, "you musn't tell how cheap you got it, for I couldn't sell any more at that price."

"Wal," sez I, "I rather guess I'll take it; now let us look at some of your vests and trowsers. I shall have to beat you down a

leettle on them, for I'm raly afeard my money won't hold out."

"Not much fear of that," sez he, and he opened a drawer and took out an alfired heap of trousers. Arter I'd tumbled 'em over awhile, I picked out a pair of rale harnsome checkered ones, and then I bought a black vest with yaller stripes all over it, and between us, I ruther guess it made a considerable hole in the money that I got from the editors of the Express, to pay for 'em all. The man had done 'em up, and I was jest a going to take them hum under my arm, but sez he—

"Where will you have them sent, sir?"

"Wal," sez I, arter thinking a minit, "you may direct them to Mr. Jonathan Slick, and send them round to the Express office, if you've no objection."

I wish you *could* a seen the feller! he seemed to be all struck up into a heap when I said this, and the clarks looked at each other, and cum toward us as if they had never seen anybody that wrote for newspapers afore.

"Mr. Slick," sez the head man making a bow eenamost to the ground, "I'm much obliged for your custom, and I hope you'll cum agin. If you find the clothes suit you, perhaps you'll send any of your friends to our establishment, who happen to want any thing in our line. We shall always be happy and proud to serve Mr. Slick or any of his friends."

Here he made another bow, and I stepped back, and bent for'erd a trifle, jest to let him see that his soft sodder warnt put on at all coarse; and, sez I, "Wal, I'll try the clothes, and if they turn out first-rate, maybe I'll mention where I got them in one of my letters. There is a good many chaps jest a going to be married about Weathersfield, and it won't do them no harm to know where to come for the wedding clothes."

With that the tailor bowed agin, and, sez he, "Mr. Slick, where shall I have the honor of sending you one of my first-rate vests, or a pair of handsome pantaloons? I'll take your measure, and have them made on purpose for you."

"Wal, now, I don't know as I can afford to buy any more jest yet," sez I; "but when these are wore out, I think as likely as not I shall come agin."

"Oh," sez he, a rubbing his hands a little, and a smiling and bowing agin, "let us take your measure, and we shan't quarrel about the pay, we shall be most proud to supply you with a good article; and if you will accept of them, the honor"—

"Oh," sez I, a bowing, "you are very obliging, I'm sure, Mr. —."

"Where shall we send them when they are done?" says he.

"Direct them as you did the others, to Mr.

Jonathan Slick, to the care of the Editors of the Express. And look a here, Mr. —, I wish you'd try and make the trousers so they will stay down, and not keep a hitching up to the top of my boots, if you can."

"Depend on it they will please you," sez he, a following me to the door, "Good morning, Mr. Slick. I'm very much obliged to you for calling;" and with that, he made another bow, and I give him one back agin, and made tracks for Cherry street, as tickled as could be.

Wal, when Thursday cum, I begun to feel mighty anxious about the party; I had all the clothes sent down to my office, besides a prime hat, which I got, and a pair of real dandy boots that sot to my foot like wax.

As soon as it was dark I shut myself up and begun to fix. I declare I never did see anything fit as them checkered trousers did; they sot to my legs like the tin moles to a pair of taller candles in freezing time, and I felt as if I'd been jest corked up in a junk bottle, foot foremost. Arter I got them on, and all buttoned up tight, I begun to think that I should have to go to the party in the blue mixed socks that marm knit for me, the last thing afore I cum away from hum; for my feet had got hung in a slip of leather, that was sowed across the bottom of the trouser legs, and how to get 'em out, so as to put on my boots, I couldn't tell. I pulled and kicked till I eenamost bust off my gallowes' buttons, but they wouldn't give a morsel, and at last I jest took hold on the leathers, and I give them an alfired jirk tell they slipped over my heel, and arter that I made out to roll up the trouser legs till I could pull my boots on. When I pulled them down agin the leathers stuck out from the heel of my boot behind, as if I had got spurs on; I didn't exactly like the feel of it, but "Who cares," sez I to myself, "a feller may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, especially down here in York."

As soon as I'd got my trousers purty well braced up I put on the vest, and it sot like a button, for there wur holes behind and strings that laced up like a gal's corsets, and I girted up purty tight I can tell you. I snuggers, them yaller sprigs did glisten, and arter I'd put on the new stock that I bought along with the clothes, I ruther guess I cut a dash. It was all bowed off and curlacued over, with red and yaller sprigs, and it made my neck look as slim and shiney as our big red rooster's used to when he stretched his head out in the sun to see how many old hens and spring pullets he'd got about him.

I swany if I hadn't been in such a hurry to git on my new things that I forgot to wash my hands and face till, jest as I was a putting on my coat, I peeked in the little looking-glass that I've got hung up in my office, and my hair was standing out every which way,

and somehow my teeth looked as yaller as if I'd been chawing tobacco a hull week. What to do I couldn't tell, but I picked up the Express, and looked into the advertisements to see if I could find out anything to make my grinders white—there warn't nothing there; but I happened to think that I'd seen Doctor Sherman's tooth-paste puffed up in some of the papers: and though I don't mean to patronize anybody that don't advertise in *our* paper, I thought, seeing as I was in a hurry, maybe it would be as well to go out and get some of it. I slipped on my old coat, and down I went into Nassau street, eenamost to the corner of Fulton street, and I bought a little cheney box full of red stuff, about as thick as hasty pudding, and as sweet as honey, and back I went agin to the office like a streak of lightning.

I didn't know how to use the stuff, but thinks sez I, they must rub it on their teeth somehow, so I spread some on the corner of my towl, and begun to polish away like all natur. It warn't two minits afore my teeth was as white as a nigger's; so I jest washed them off in the hand basin, and went at my hair, tooth and nail.

How on arth these York chaps make their hair curl so I can't guess—I tried to coax mine to twist up a little on each side of my face, but it warn't of no use. I combed it out with a fine tooth comb, and I put some hog's lard scented with some of the essence of peppermint that marm gave me to use if I should git the stomach ache down here, and I twisted it round my fingers, but it wouldn't stay eurl'd a minit, so at last I gave it up for a bad job, and put on my new coat as mad as could be.

I rather guess you couldn't have found a better looking chap of my size anywhere about, than I was, when I put on my yaller gloves, and fixed my new red silk handkercher in my coat pocket, so as to let one eend hang out a leetle, arter I'd put a few of the peppermint drops on it—and the way I pulled foot up Pearl street and toward Broadway, wasn't slow I can tell you. It takes a feller forever to fix here in York—I'd rather slick up for twenty quiltings and apple-bees, than for one swarry, I can tell you. I was amost scared to death for fear I should be too late, for it was enajest dark afore I left the office, so I didn't let the grass grow under my feet on the way to cousin Beebe's you may be sartin.

When I got to cousin Beebe's door, I pulled the silver knob kinder sofily, for I felt a sort of palpitation of the heart at going into a room chock full of quality; and I jest pulled up my dickey a little, and felt to see if my handkercher hung out of my pocket about right, afore the nigger opened the door. At last he made out to come, and when I asked if all the folks was at hum, he begun to

show s chalkies jest as he did afore, and sez he,

"Yes, but they haint come down yit."

With that I pitched in, and, sez I "Look a here, Cuffy, none of your grinning at me, but jest mind your own bisness. I've come to see the swarry that Mr. Beebe's ben a buying to treat his company with; so jest shut your darned liver lips, and show it to me."

"Oh," sez he, a trying to choke in, "the swarry is a going to be in the drawing room there, walk in."

"What, haint it come yit," sez I, "and where's all the folks?—I thought he was going to have a party, too."

"Wal, so he is," sez the nigger, "but they haint begun to come yit."

"Wal, now," sez I to myself, "if this don't beat all creation. Now, in Connecticut it would a ben eenamost time to go hum agin; these Yorkers do beat all for laziness." With that I went into the room. By the living hokey, I never see anything like it! It was enough to dazzle one's eyes; the two doors were slid back into the partition, and it seemed like one great ball-room; and, besides that, there were two great winders at the further eend, that opened into a place that seemed kinder like a garden. I didn't know what to make of it, for it was chuck full of posies that looked as bright and as green as if it was the fourth of July, and yit it was a feezing like everything out of doors. I went down the room and stuck my head through the winder, and as true as I live it was a little room all full of bushes and roses sot up on benches; it had a glass ruff, and the sides were all one allfred great winder with little vines a hanging down over it, and a great tree chuck full of something that looked like oranges, a standing up agin it.

There were five or six cages full of little yaller birds a hanging among the bushes, and right back of the tree stuck over with oranges, stood a marble woman a holding up a bunch of grapes cut out of marble, with a lot of green leaves twisted round it as nat'ral as could be. It was awful handsome, but I swan if it didn't make me feel streaked to look at her a standing there among the bushes, for she hadn't the least rag of kivering on, and it raly was enough to make a feller blush to see her a holding the grapes over her head, as if she wanted to make people look at her.

Thinks sez I, is this the swarry that Cousin Beebe has bought to show his company, I reckon he'd better have bought a calico frock or something of that sort to kiver over it. I couldn't bear to look at it, and so I jest turned about and stood still by the winder with my eyes wide open, for at the tother eend of the room was another garden with a naked swarry and bushes in it, as much like the-

one I'd been a looking in as could be. I went toward it, but stopped short, and burst out a larfin all by myself, for it was nothing but the same garden a shining in the great big looking glass, that I wrote to you about, that hung up right afore me.

After I'd stole another sly look at the orange tree and the swarry, I jest stuck my hands in my pockets as well as I could, considering they were so tight, and sticking out one foot, leaned back agin the winder frame and looked round the room. A hot sweltering sun in dog days could not have been brighter than everything was. There were two great things hung by chains from the middle of both rooms, with hundreds and hundreds of chunks of glass a hanging all over them; and they were stuck full of candles as white as curd, all a burning and blazing, till they looked like a heap of ice and snow hung up to melt in a fire. Both the mantle shelves were covered over with them things that I told you about that looked so much like gold; some on 'em were lamps, and some had great white candles stuck into them; and there were lots on lots of flowers set in among them that smelt as sweet as new hay, and such a shining and glistening I never did see. The best on it all was, that the whopping looking glasses on both eends the rooms made them seem twice as long, and as if they had a great many more things in them than they raly had. There were two round tables made out of some kind of cloudy stun, about as large as marm's cherry-wood teatable, a standing at both eends of the rooms, all civered over with leetle picturs and all sorts of play-things, besides heaps of books with morocco backs and sprigged off with gold, all lying among them every which way, as if somebody had been in a hurry, and had pitched them on the tables without staying to pile them up.

Besides all that, they had brought in a whole heap more of them footstools that I told you about, and they had put square kind of black pillows all torsled off and civered over with flowers at the eends of the two settees, besides a good many other things that I haint time to write about. "Wal," sez I to myself, "if Cousin Beebe don't take the shine off these New Yorkers in his party I lose my guess; but I wonder where on arth he contrives to raise money to do it with these hard times, for all this must have cost him a few I'm sartin."

Jest as I was a thinking this, the cuffy came into the room, and sez I—

"Look a here snow ball, when is the party a coming, I've seen the swarry all I want to, and I'm eenamost tired of standing here and doing nothing."

"Wal," sez he, "I spose they'll be here in an hour or two,—it aint mor'n eight o'clock yit."

"I rather guess I shan't stay here all alone any longer," sez I, and with that I buttoned up my coat and jest took a walk into the Apollo gallery to see the picturs till it was time for the party to cum. I haint time to say anything about the heap of handsome picturs that I saw, and besides, I mean to write you all about them some day afore long, for they are curious I can tell you. I felt so much pleased with looking at 'em, that it was long after nine afore I thought of it. So I jest started off agin for cousin Beebe's. When I went in this time the rooms were brim full of people, and I was eenamost scared to death. I unbuttoned my coat and pulled up my dickey a leetle, besides giving my hair a brush—and then I went in with my head straight up, and my new fur hat in my hand; jest as I used to go in the singers' seat, there in Weathersfield. Thinks sez I, I'll jest let 'em know that I haint been to dancing school for nothing. So I held my hat a leetle afore me by the rim, and I made a genteel bow, first to one side and then to tother. Arter that, I went and sot down on one of the settees, and I looked round for cousin Mary, for I felt kinder awk'ard; and I hadn't the least idee that she wouldn't have cum up, as she used to in Weathersfield, and put out her hand and ask me if she should take my hat. But there I sot with it between my hands, a fingering it over as if it had been a hot potater, and she never come near me. I felt dreadfully, for there was a lot of harnsome gals a staring at me, and a puckering up their purty leetle mouths, as if they would a gin the world to larf right out. Arter a minit cousin John cum up to me, and sez he,

"Cousin Slick I'm glad you've cum, step in the next room and take a glass of wine with me. Mrs. Beebe is so crowded you won't get near her jest yit."

I got up, and we went into the entry way together, and then says cousin Beebe to the nigger, "Here, Ben, take Mr. Slick's hat."

The nigger took my hat and carried it off up stairs, and, arter a few minits, cousin John went back into the room where the company was, without saying another word about the wine.

"You had better go up and speak to Mary, now," sez he, kinder low; "there she stands by Count —" I didn't hear the name, but it was some darned crabbed word, that was enough to choke a feller.

I hadn't looked round much when I cum in before, for somehow my head didn't feel stiddy, but arter cousin John cum and spoke to me, I didn't seem to mind it, so I jest looked round as bold as could be. I declare I never did see any body dressed out as cousin Mary was. She had on a frock of shining satin, with harnsome pink sprigs all over it, and there was a great wide ruffle round the



bottom, made out of something that looked as white and thin as a gal's veil the day arter she's married; and that was hitched up on one side half way to her waist, with a pink rose, made out of ribond with long eends, that fell down eenamost to the floor. A heap of some kind of shiney thin stuff was ruffled round her bosom, and hung down round her arms, for her frock sleeves were short, and made like a little gal's; and she had on a pair of white gloves, with tops to 'em, that cum eenamost to her elbows. One on 'em was fastened round her wrist with a wid piece of gold, and tother she let slip down so as to show her arm, which was plaguey white, or else I suppose she would not have let folks see it.

Mary always had a tarnal putty little foot, but I never see it look so small as it did in that glistening white shoe of hern, and toown the rale downright truth, she didn't seem to be much ashamed to show it, but kept it stuck out from under her ruffler, as independent as could be, as if she'd made up her mind to be ready to make a curchy any minit. There was one thing that kinder puzzled me a good deal; Mary's skin never was over white, but somehow it looked like wax work, that night, and you never see a meadow pink look brighter than her cheeks did; but instead of coming into her face and going away again, as every man loves to see the color in a gal's face when she's talking, and knows that he's a looking at her, Mary's always kept jest so; it didn't seem as if an earthquake would make her turn pale. The hair hung in long curls down her cheeks and on her shoulders, jest as it did the other day, and she had a great white rose stuck in among the curls, on one side of her head, that looked as if it hadn't but jest been plucked off the bushes.

I looked at her putty earnestly, I can tell you, and I do think she would have been a critter that John might be proud of, if it warn't for that stuck up way which she's got since she cum down here to York. She don't do nothing on arth natral, and as she did when she was a gal in Connecticut. Instead of standing up straight, and speaking to her comany as if she was glad to see them, she stood with one foot stuck out and her hands jest crossed afore her, and kinder stooping fored, as if she couldn't but jest stand alone; I never see a critter's back stuck up as her's was, I raly thought she was a getting the rickets, and I felt so anxious about it that I turned to cousin Beebe, afore I went up to speak to her, and sez I, a sort of low—

"Cousin John, how did your wife hurt her back so? I declare it makes me feel awfully to see what a great hump she's got a growing since she cum away from Connecticut!"

With that cousin John looked at her and

larfed a little, but I could see he didn't feel jest right, and arter a minit he said, sez he,

"Hush cousin, you must not speak so loud; its true Mary has put on rather *too* much bustle, but its the fashion you see." I looked round, and as true as you live there warn't a gal in the room that hadn't her back a sticking out jest the same way. Such a set of humpbacked critters I never did put my eyes on, and yet they all stood about a smiling and a talking to the fellers as if nothing ailed them, poor things! I never see a set of folks dressed out so much, and so awfully stuck up as they were. Some of the gals had feathers in their hair, and some had flowers or gold chains twisted among their curls, and I didn't see one there that wasn't dressed up in her silks and satins as crank as could be. As for the men I thought I should have haw hawed right out a larfin to see some of 'em; there was one chap that stood a talking to Miss Beebe with his hair parted down from the top of his head down each side of his face, and it hung down behind all over his coat collar like a young gal's jest before she begins to wear a comb, and there was two bunches of hair stuck out on his upper lip right under his nose like a cat's whiskers when she begins to get her back up. Every time he spoke the hair kinder riz up and moved about till it was enough to make a feller crawl all over to look at him. Thinks sez I, if it wouldn't be fun to see that varmint try to eat. If he didn't get his victuals tangled up in that bunch of hair, he must know how to aim alfred straight with his knife and fork.

When I come to look round there were more than a dozen chaps, rale dandy-looking fellers, with their lips bristled out in the same way. Thinks sez I, there are some men that would be hogs if they only had bristles, as we say in Connecticut, but these chaps needn't keep out of the gutters for want of them, they are ready for sarvice any time. There were two or three ruther good-looking chaps, that didn't let the hair grow on their upper lips, but it come up in a pint like a letter A from the tip of the chins eenamost to their mouths. These fellers had great hairy whiskers that made them look as if they had run all to head like a seed onion. I swanny, I never did see such a set of infarnal looking coots in all my life—a tribe of ribbed nosed baboons would have looked ten times as much like men; and yet they didn't seem the least bit ashamed of themselves, but strutted round among the gals as large as life, showing off with their white gloves on and white cambric handkachers, that I s'pose they borrowed from their sisters, stuck into their pockets.

I wouldn't go up and speak tu Miss Beebe till that ninnihammer with the bristles went away from her, for I was afraid that I couldn't hold in, but should haw haw right

out in his face, if I got tu looking at him too stiddy. I raly didn't know which looked the worst, men running about among decent people with dirty brustles under their noses, or women a trying tu make themselves look humpbacked so as tu be in the fashion.

At last the chap with the brustles went off with a young gal into the room where the bushes were, tu look at the swarry I 'spose, and so then I went up tu Miss Beebe and I made a bow, and sez I—

"It's a pleasant evening, Miss Beebe."

"Yes," sez she, "it is very pleasant."

I didn't seem tu stand easy, so I put tother foot forerd, and wiped my nose a little with my red handkacher.

"Any news a stirring?" sez I.

"Nothing particular that I know on," sez she.

I changed feet agin.

"I ruther thought it was a going tu rain, but I guess it won't now," sez I.

"No, I ruther think not," sez she.

We stood stock still a minit, and then I put my handkacher in my coat pocket agin, and, sez I—

"I swanny, Miss Beebe, you've got a gist of handsome gals here to-night. I'll be darned if I aint eenamost in love with some on 'em."

"I'm sure you ought to be," sez she, a puckering up her mouth, "you don't know how much they have been a talking about you. I declare you've got to be quite a lion since you took to writing, cousin Slick."

"A what?" sez I.

"A literary lion," sez she, with one of her old Weathersfield smiles.

"Wal," sez I, "that's a queer name, but I don't care what they call me, if they don't call me late tu dinner."

Jest that minit a tall, handsome young feller cum up tu us, and Miss Beebe turned tu him and spoke softly, with her eyes half shet, jest as if she was a dying off, and she asked him if he wouldn't sing.

With that he puckered up his mouth and said he couldnt, cause he'd got such a bad cold; but anybody that had his eye-teeth cut might have seen that he only wanted her tu coax him. A lot of young gals crowded round and begun tu put the soft sodder over him.

"Oh do—now pray do," sez one, and the rest on 'em took it up till the poor feller, he didn't know which eend his head was on. So he sot down and flung back his head with his eyes half shet, and he begun tu sing. I swanny, it eenamost made the tears cum into my eyes tu hear him, it was rale ginueine music; but the very minit he begun the young gals that had been a teasing him so tu sing, went on a talking and a larfin, as if he hadn't done what they wanted. I raly felt sorry for the feller; yit he didn't seem tu

mind it, but sung away as if everybody was a listening.

Jest then, cousin Beebe called out my name from tother side the room. I wish you could a seen how they all stared; it warn't more than ten minits arter that, afore eenamost every one in there was at cousin Beebe tu be introduced tu me—the fellers with the brustles and all. The purtyest gals in the room kept a flocking round me as if they'd never seen a man that wrote for the newspapers afore. Talk about soft sodder—there's nobody on arth can put it into a chap so smooth as a handsome gal. Somehow they melt it with their smiles, till it sinks through his heart afore he knows it. I was talking with a rale peeler of a gal, with two of the brightest black eyes that I ever see, when somebody struck up a tune on the planner-forty, and two or three couple got onto the floor as if they wanted tu dance.

"Do you dance quadrills, Mr. Slick?" sez the black eyed gal, as if she wanted me tu ask her tu dance.

"Wal, I don't know," sez I, "I never tried them kind of things; but I ruther guess I can, if you'll show me how."

With that, I took the tip eend of her white glove between the fingers of my yaller one, and went with her into the middle of the room. I didn't know what they were a going tu dance, but I warn't much afeard, anyhow—for there warn't a chap in all Weathersfield could beat me at a double shuffle, or could cut so neat a pigeon-wing without music, as I could.

Wal, the music begun, and one of the fellers that had the hair on his lip, begun tu slide about with his eyes half shet and his hands a hanging down, and looking as doleful as if he'd jest come away from a funeral. Did you ever see a duck swim a mill-dam, or a hen turning up its eyes when it's a drinking? If you have, you can git some idee how the lazy coot danced. I thought I should go off the handle tu see him, but the gals all stuck out their little feet, and poked about jest in the same way. Thinks sez I, when it comes my turn, I'll give you a little specimen of ginueine dancing. I only wish I'd thought tu put a little loose change in my pocket tu jingle, if it was only jest tu show how well I keep step."

A young lady, with her hair twisted all up with little white flowers, balanced up tu me, jest as you've seen a bird walk, and then it come my turn. I took two steps fored and then I cut a peeler of a pigeon wing, and ended off with a little touch of the double shuffle, but my trousers was so plaguey tight that I couldn't make my legs rale limber all I could du, besides, the music warn't much more like a dancing tune than Greenbank or Old Hundred. At last I went up tu the gal that was playing, and sez I

"Look a here—jest give us something lively—Yankee Doodle, or Money Muss, or the Irish Washerwoman, or Paddy Carey. I aint a going tu twist and pucker round in this way."

With that the young fellers with the hair lips begun tu push their cambric handkachers into their mouths, and the young gals puckered up their mouths as if I'd done something tu poke fun at. But insted of sneaking off and letting the stuck up varmint think they'd scared me so 'that I darsent dance, I felt my dander a getting up, and sez I tu myself, "I guess I'll let 'em see that I warnt brought up in the woods to be scared at owls, any how; so I jest turned tu the black eyed gal that was my partner, and sez I,

"Come now, Miss, let us show 'em how its done," and with that I begun tu put it down right and left like a streak of lightning. It warnt more than two minits afore I heard the gals a talking tu each other, and a saying,

"How odd—how strange—quite the eccentricity of genius—these literary lions never do anything as other people do!—I don't wonder Miss Beebe's proud of him."

The young fellers joined in and stopped larfin as quick as could be, the minit they begun tu see how the wind was a blowing up in my quarter, and when I finished off and led the black eyed gal tu one of the footstools, there was no end tu the soft sodder they all put on tu me. Sez I tu myself, nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip with these stuck up fashionables, for arter all they aint more than half sartin what's genteel and what aint.

Jest then the music begun agin, and one of them tall hairy lipped fellers got up with a purty little gal, that didn't look more than eighteen years old, and he put his white gloves on a little tighter, and then I'll be darned if he didn't begin to hug her right there afore all on us. He put one arm round her little waist jest above the bump on her back, and he took one of her hands in hisen, and then she looked up into his eyes and he looked down into hers as loving as two puss-ey cats, and then they begun tu make cheeses on the carpet till you couldn't have told which was which.

I never felt my blood bile so in all my life; it raly didn't seem decent, and if she had been a relation of mine, I'll be darned tu darnation if I would not have knocked that pesky varmint into a cocked hat in less than no time. I'd a made him glad tu eat himself up hair and all, greasy as it must a tasted, tu have got out of my way. Oh but I was wrathly with the coot for a minit; and then says I to myself, "I don't know as the chap's so much tu blame, arter all, its the gal's own fault; if she likes to be hugged and whirled round so afore the folks, the feller must be an allfired fool not to like it as much she does, but,

thinks I, if the gal means to get married, her bread will be all dough agin, arter this, for no decent honest man would want to marry a gal arter he'd seen her tousled about afore fifty people, by such a shote as that chap is."

As soon as the two critters sot down, the fellers and the gals all locked arms and begun to stream out of the room. I thought I might as well see where they were a going, so I jest crooked my arm, and the black eyed gal put hers through it, and out we went into the entry way tu a room further back, where all the company was standing about round a table sot with everything good on arth that a feller ever thought of eating.

I thought the table, when I eat dinner at cousin John's, took the shine off from everything that I'd ever seen afore in my life, but it warnt a circumstance to this. There was no end to the silver dishes and baskets all sot out with flowers, and a running over with bunches of white grapes and oranges, and everything else good that ever grew on arth; and there were more than half a dozen little steeples, all made out of red and white sugar candy, hung over with flowers and curleued about with little sugar images, and sich lots of cake, and preserves, and jelly, and things that I'd never seen afore in my life. Everything glittered and shone so it fairly took away my appetite. There was another little table civered over with decanters and with a lot of them cider bottles that I've told you about, standing on it; but I kept purty clear of that, I can tell you. Cousin Beebe come to me with one of 'em in his hand, and sez he, sort of larfin,

"Come, cousin Slick, take a glass."

Says I, "No, if you'd jest as lives, I'd a little ruther not, your York cider don't agree with me."

"Oh," sez he, "its only sham pain, try a little."

"I'm jest as much obleged to you, but I'd a little ruther not, it warnt *sham pain* that I had in my head the day arter I drunk it before, I can tell you."

With that cousin Beebe larfed, and sez he, "you must be gallant, and help Miss Miles, she hasn't got no refreshments yit." I looked toward the black eyed gal, and sure enough, there she stood as mute as could be, looking on, while all the rest was a eating. I went up to her agin, and I made her a bow and sez I,

"Miss Miles what will you take? arter you is manners for me, and I begin to feel a little as if I should like a bite."

"I could see that tarnal purty mouth of hern, begin to tremble as if it wanted to say something funny, but she looked in my face and sez she,

"I'll take a little blue monge if you please."

I didn't know what she could mean, but

there was some stuff in some little blue glasses, that looked as much like soap suds as anything else, and I took one of 'em out of the silver thing that it stood in, and I jest stirred it up a little with the spoon, afore I gave it to her. I don't know what on arth become of the blue monge, but I hadn't more than touched it when off it went, and left the glass eenajest empty. Miss Miles larfed a little, and sez she,

"Thank you, the sylabub will do jest as well. A few grapes, and a trifle of that jelly, if you please."

"But," sez I, holding the glass, and a lookin down on the carpet and over my new trousers, "where on arth can that monge have gone tu! I hope there aint none of it got on tu your silk frock, Miss Miles."

"Oh, no" sez she, "don't mind it, the grapes will do jest as well."

I took up a plate and gave her a great whopping bunch from off one of the dishes, and then I made another bow, and, sez I—

"Anything else, Miss Miles, I'd do anything on arth to oblige you."

She twisted up that plump little mouth of hern in one of the handsomest smiles I ever see, and, sez she, "I'll take that rose bud that dropped from the grape basket when you took these out."

I swan, but she looked plaguy handsome, I couldn't but jest keep from staring right in her face all the time. I felt my heart a floundering about, like a pullet with its neck twisted, when she said this, and I took up the rose bud between the fingers of my yaller gloves, and I stepped back and made as genteel a bow as I could, considering I hadn't room tu square my elbows, and, sez I—

"I hope you'll keep that ere to remember me by."

She gave me another of them tarnation bright smiles, and she stuck the rose in her bosom, and sez she, kinder larfin a little—

"What shall I give, you, Mr. Slick? This myrtle sprig, it'll keep green longer than your rose."

"No thank you," sez I, a looking at her as killing as could be, "I'll take it; but I don't want anything to make me remember you."

I kinder expected that she'd have blushed a little when I said that; but somehow these city gals don't color up very easy. She smiled agin, and sez she—

"Well, Mr. Slick, you must call and see how well your rose keeps with me. Mrs. Beebe will come with you any time."

Sez I, "but I aint sartin as you'll be glad to see me, you must have a great many beaus, and I may be in the way."

She was a going to answer me, but jest then that eternal varmint with the hair come up with a plate in his hand, and sez he—"Let me help you tu a jelly, Miss Miles."

I could have knocked the critter into the middle of next week, I was so tarnal mad; but there he stood a bowing and a smiling, through his hair lip like an etarnal monkey that had got the stomach ache, and I couldn't get a word in edge ways. I couldn't eat a morsel, but I took up one of the cider bottles without a thinking what I was a doing, and I drunk two glasses right off, and arter that I felt a little better; but I'll be darned if it didn't make me grit my teeth tu see that stuck-up coot work his arm as if he wanted tu go into tother room with Miss Miles. She looked round as if to see where I was, and then I went right straight up, and, sez I tu him—

"Arter *me* is manners for *you*."

With that I took her little hand in my yaller glove, and I put it into my arm as genteel as could be, and walked straight into tother room with her. She sat down on one of the settees, and I jest pulled one of the footstools close up to her, and there we both sot as sociable as could be till the folks all came back agin. Arter that I had to git up and give a pale-looking gal my seat; but I kept a standing up by the end of the settee, till Cousin Beebe came up tu me, and, sez he—

"Cousin Slick, jest step this way a minit."

He went right between the silk winder curtains into the place where the bushes, and the birds, and the swarry was, and sez he—

"Cousin Jonathan did you know that the straps to your pantaloons have slipped out from under your boots?"

"You don't say so," sez I, a looking down at hisen, tu see how he fixed them, for I didn't want him to think that I'd left 'em so on purpose; but I felt awful streaked when I see his was buttoned under the sole of his dancin pumps.

"Here, jest lift up your foot," sez he.

I histed my foot up, and he jerked the strops down quick enough; but I swan if I didn't feel as if he'd corded me up tu see how long I'd keep. I didn't wonder the chaps sidled and wriggled about so when they tried tu dance, a feller couldn't take a regular strong step tu save his life, girt up in a pair of these new-fashioned trousers.

"Look a here, cousin Beebe," sez I, jest as he was a going out, and I pinto tu the naked marble woman a standing among the bushes, with the light a coming in from tother room onto her, till she looked like a handsome ghost a walking among the bushes by moonlight; "if you'll take a fool's advice you'll buy a frock and petticoat for that purty swarry of yourn, afore you have another party. How should you feel if some of them young gals was tu come in here?"

John bust out a larfin, and I raly thought the critter never would stop.

"Now what are you a haw-hawing about,"

sez I, sort a wrathy, "because I cum here with my trousers slipped up a leetle. I don't spose anybody but you see them.

"Oh never think about it," sez he, a biting in, but the tears kept a running down his cheeks, for all that. "If they did see it, they'll set it down for the eccentricity of genius, as the young ladies say. You literary chaps can do a'most anything now-a-days."

"I begin to think we can," sez I, for jest that minit I remembered all that tarnal sweet crittur, Miss Miles had been a saying to me, and I looked down tu see if the sprig of myrtle was in my button-hole yit.

When we went into the room, there warnt scarce any of the party left. I stood by one of the doors till I saw Miss Miles cum down with her purty face halfburied up in a great silk hood—so I jest went with her to the door, and there stood a carriage with a nigger a standing by the door—so I jest took hold of her hand and helped her to git in; and arter that I felt so lonesome, I bid cousin Mary good night and made tracks for my office. I ruther think I won't tell what I dreamed about—you old steady folks do love to larf at a young chap so—and as I ruther think I shall come hum tu thanksgiving, I don't mean tu let you all poke too much fun at me.

Your loving Son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

## LETTER VII.

*Scenes in Broadway—Jonathan's Interview with the Count and Flirtations with Miss Miles.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR:

I am eenamost sartin that you was disappointed because I didn't come hum to thanksgiving, but somehow I couldn't raise pluck enough to start all I could do. I raly don't know what seemed to be the matter with me; but arter Miss Beebe's party, I begun to git as peaked and wamblecropped as could be. I swanny, if it didn't set me all in a fluster the next morning, when I got up and found the sprig of myrtle that Miss Miles give me a lying on the floor jest where it had dropped from the button hole of my new coat.

I didn't hardly give myself time to put on my clothes, afore I went out to a crockery-ware stand and bought a tumbler to put it in; and then I set it on my desk, and tried to write a little, for I didn't feel jest like eating Auz breakfast. But it warnt of no use trying

—all I could do, every idee in my head got fixed on the myrtle, and Miss Miles, and the party. I didn't write two words together, but scrambled all over the paper, and figgered out little heads, and meeting-houses, and hay-stacks on it, as nat'ral as could be; but if I'd ben hung and choked to death, I couldn't a wrote two rale genuine lines. I felt sort of odd all over, and I hadn't the least notion what could ail me; it warnt a very tedious feeling though, but it seemed as if I was a dreaming yit, and all about that tarnation little Miss Miles. I kept a seeing them bright black eyes and them long curls of hern all the time, as plain as day. I'll be choked if I didn't git afearred that I was a beginning to have a kind of a sneakin notion arter her, and sez I to myself, "Mr. Jonathan Slick, this won't do, no how. Arter what you've seen of woman natur in that Judy White, you must be a darned crazy shote to poke your fingers in that fire agin." But a feller may as well drink tu much lickor and ask it not to make him stagger, as to git his head chock full of the gals and then try to talk common sense to hisself. It is like giving advice to a rat when his leg is in the trap.

The long and short of it was, I couldn't set still, and I couldn't think of anything on arth but that gal, so I jumped up all tu once and sez I to myself—"Wal, one way or t'other, by hook or by crook, I'll see her agin—I will, by the hokey! it's of no use to git down in the mouth about it, she can't do more than give me the mittin, any how, and it will be the first gal I ever got it from, if she does, I can tell her that."

I was so anxious that it seemed forever afore I got on my dandy coat and trousers agin. My handkercher smelt purty strong yet of the essence of peppermint, so I fixed it right in my pocket, put on my yaller gloves, and stuck the sprig of myrtle in my bosom afore I gin the last peak into the leetle lookin-glass that hangs in a corner of my office. I don't think there could be much said agin my looks, as I went down Cherry street with my head flung back, sort of independent, and the tip eend of my yaller gloves stuck in my pocket. Consarn that Broadway tailor! he made the trousers so tight that I couldn't git a hull hand in no more than I could fly.

Miss Miles lives clear up to the further eend of Broadway, so I took a short cut across the Park, and went along by the Astor House. A lot of dandyfied looking chaps stood on the steps a staring at the harnsome gals as they went by, all furbelowed and finied out like a stream of garden flowers all in full blow.

They may talk about England and France and Garmany, as well as all the other big places that a feller can pint out on the map;

but, for my part, I don't believe there is a place on the arth where the women dress so all-fired costly as they do here in York. It raly is enough to make a feller grit his teeth to see the handsome critters sideling and curchying along the stun walks, wrapped up in silks and satins and velvet, and all sorts of feathers, as long as them that Captin Jones wore in his training cap, as if it only wanted a fiddler to set them all a dancing, when their husbands are out a shinning and working themselves to death to keep their noses from being sued by the lawyers. It don't seem right, but yet they do look tarnal killing in their furbeloes—it's of no use denying that.

But one thing did raise my dander a leetle as I went along, that's a fact. Any body that had half an eye could see that all the young gals were possessed after them foreign chaps with the bristles and whiskers. Every once in a while one of the indecent varmint would come along with his head twisted round under some purty woman's bonnet, talking as soft and as mealy-mouthed as could be, like an old grey cat mewing round a bird cage, and the gals seemed all in a twitter, they were so tickled, and screwed up their mouths, and smiled to show their teeth, and looked as proud as peacocks of the eternal impudent critters. I'll be darned if I don't believe every one of them chaps are barbers or chair-makers when they are to hum, and hearing what a chance the York gals give every kind of animals that come from foreign parts, and how they begin to turn up their noses at a rale true born American, whenever they can git a chance to make fools of themselves with them hairy liped fellers, they've come over here to York to court the gals and git up a new crop of hair to begin business with when they git hum agin. Thinks sez I, it wouldn't be a bad joke sometime about six months arter this, if some of them same gals that don't think nothing of chasing arter them fellers, should buy his whiskers and all the rest on 'em that they fall in love with, stuffed into a footstool, sich as I saw at Miss Beebe's. Stranger things than that has happened afore now, I reckon.

It raly made me feel bad to see tall, handsome-looking fellers, genuine Americans, with revolutionary blood in their hearts, a standing on the tavern steps, and a walking all alone up and down the streets as molancholy as mice in an empty mill, while their own women folks, that ought to feel ashamed of themselves, were a talking and smiling and giggling with that pack of varmints. It made my blood bile to see it I can tell you.

You wont think it exactly like a Christian to run on as I do about them fellers, I'm afeard; but the truth of it is, I *do* hate 'em like pison. If I owned a caravan of living animals, darn me, if I wouldn't catch some on 'em

for specimens, and cage up 'em for a show. They wouldn't be a strutting up Broadway and a showing themselves for nothing much longer, I can tell them that! They talk about Yankee speculations, I reckon this would be a prime one—wouldn't it? If a feller could only git a good trap made there wouldn't be no difficulty but we could find purty gals—them that live in fine houses and hold up their heads as if they were queens too—that would be willing enough to let you use them for bate.

You wont be surprised that I am wrothy about them chaps when I tell you how I was struck up jest arter I went by the Astor House. I was thinking about one thing or another, when all to once I lifted my head and there was Miss Miles a coming toward me looking as fresh and handsome as a full blown butter cup, and close to her side, that Count with the crabbed name that I saw at Miss Beebe's, was a twistifying himself along, with his head bent sideways till the great long white feather that she wore in her bonnet all but swept across his eyes. I eena-most felt as if I should holler out, and I raly believe I should have boo booded right in the street if I hadn't been so all-fired wrothy at the sight of him. Oh! but my Yankee grit did rise—I dug my hands down in my trousers' pocket and walked right straight up to them a grinning like a hyena, for I was determined to let them see that I didn't care a copper how much they walked together. They were so busy twisting their heads about and a looking soft sodder at each other that they didn't see me till I stood right afore them as stiff as an iron crobar, with my head up straight, and one foot stuck out forerd as an independent and true born Yankee ought to do when he sees himself imposed on.

There was no mistake in Miss Miles this time any how. She give a little scream and blushed as red as a turkey's comb, and then she looked about sort of skeery as if she was afeard somebody would see how slick I'd caught her. I was as mad as all natur, but as true as you live I couldn't but jest keep from haw hawing right out to see how that hair lipp'd Count acted when he saw me a standing up afore him. He kinder stepped back and stuck out one foot a little sideways, jest as if he was a going to make a bow, and he twisted his little stuck up waist round till his head poked out like a mud turtle when he wants to see if anybody is near. Then he took a thing out of his vest pocket hitched to a gold chain that he wore round his neck, and held it up to one eye, and there he stood a staring at me and twisting his face and a brustling up his hair lip, like an eternal monkey. I didn't seem to mind him but looked right straight at Miss Miles, and sez I—

"How do you do, Miss Miles?"

She didn't seem to know how to take me



at first, so she looked at the feller and then at me, and, arter a while, sez she—

"Oh! Mr. Slick, is it you?"

"Wal, I ruther guess it is," sez I, "but I 'spose my room's as good as my company, I don't want tu keep you from talking tu your beau there."

"Oh! Mr. Slick," sez she, a twisting up her mouth and a looking in my face, jest as she did the night afore, "how odd you men of genius are! The Count, I'm sure, will be happy to meet you, won't you Count?"

She called the coot by his hull name, but how she could twist that little mouth of hers so as to get the word out, I can't tell. Arter that she turned her head a little, and said something sort of low to him. She smiled so handsome, and her voice was so soft and coaxing, that I had eenamost forgot the chap, but her talking to him made me rile up agin—and jest as he was letting that half of a pair of spectacles down from his eye, and was a beginning to put his face ship shape agin, I walked right straight up to him, and sez I—

"Look a here you chap, I ruther guess you mean to know who I am the next time you see me."

"Sare!" sez he, a standing up straight and opening his great black eyes till they seemed chuck full of fire and brimstone.

"Wal, what on it," sez I.

"You are impertinent," sez he.

"Wal, now I reckon that aint what I was baptised. I'll tell you what, Mr. Hair-lip, I haint a going to let you nor any body else call me names," sez I; a taking both hands out of my trousers' pockets, and a pulling up my val'er gloves a leetle, as spiteful as could be, jest to show him that my mawlers were fit for use.

The feller's lips begun to grow white, but he twisted them up as if he wanted to make me think he didn't care for what I said.

"Sare," sez he, "do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"Wal," sez I, larfing in his face a leetle, "I ruther guess I do, though I haint jest made up my mind what kind of horned cattle you call yourself yit: they give all sich stranger-critter sa name, and I 'spose you'll git one by am by as well as the rest on 'em."

With that he turned as white as a tub of curd, and sez he—

"This is too much, sare; remember you are speaking to a Count." Here he out with a name as long and crooked as a sassafras root.

"You don't say so!" sez I.

"I'm a nobleman?" sez he, and he was a going on to give me another string of foreign jaw-breakers; but I jest sot down my foot, and sez I,

"Look a here, you feller—I don't care the value of a butnut-shell how many names you've got; we don't own no Counts in this 'ere free land of liberty, but them that can

count down the most hard chink, and they have to work tarnation hard afore they git the title, I can tell you. As for your noblemen, we have raised a new-fashioned set of 'em in this land of liberty. In the Revolutionary War a hull grist on 'em sot their titles down on our glorious Declaration of Independence, and there they'll stay, as bright as the stars, to all etarnity, and a day longer. We don't ask our noblemen who their fathers were, or how they got a living. *Great deeds* and—what's the same thing—*good deeds* make noblemen here. Every man has to work out his own title, and when he dies, instead of leaving it to some booby of a son, he writes his date out in the history of his country, and takes it back to him who gave the power to earn it. As for any other noblemen—though I believe arter all that the true guine lords and counts that come out here are as scarce as hen's teeth—" (here the count didn't seem to stand easy,) "*we true* Americans, rale full-blooded Yan-kees don't care any more for their titles than we do for the stuns under our feet. Its only your half-blooded Americans that have been baked over in Europe, and our silly finefied gals that chase after you. An honest straight for'ard Yankee gal would take you for jest what you are worth as *men*, and when they do that, I ruther guess we can pull an even yoke with any of you that come from tother side the water."

Here I gave Miss Miles a squint that made her wilt like a broken rose in the hot sun! "Mr. Slick," sez she, eenamost crying, "I beg, I entreat, let us walk on. See how the people are remarking us."

"Wal," sez I, sort of mollified, "I aint doing nothing to be ashamed on, am I?"

"Oh, no," sez she, "I didn't mean to say that."

"Wal, there aint nothing on arth that I won't do to oblige a handsome crittur like you," sez I, a going round to the other side on her. She gave me another of her prime smiles and that seemed to pacify me. So we all three walked along together till we got agin the Astor House once more. The Count looked as sour as a vinegar barrel—I suppose, because I was detarmined to hang on, but I kept a stiff upper lip, and marched down the stun walk us straight as a bean pole stuck up on eend. Miss Miles begun to smile agin, and she talked to him as sweet as could be, but I couldn't make out a word she said, for she didn't speak rale American, but every now and then, jest as I was beginning to get rily about it, she would turn her face to me, and pucker up her mouth so coaxing, that somehow I couldn't git right down wrathly if I tried ever so much.

When the Count saw that I wasn't to be scared away, he jest give me a good long stare right in the eyes, and then bending a little forced to Miss Miles, he lifted his hat about an

inch from his head and went into the Astor House. I don't know what on arth could be the matter, but the minute he left us I begun to feel as sheepish as could be. I didn't know what in nature to talk about—so I jest took my red silk handkercher and gave it a flirt out of my pocket, and then put it back agin.

"Do you like the smell of essence of peppermint, Miss Miles?" sez I.

"I'm very fond of perfume," sez she.

"I hope you didn't like the stuff that are Count had on his handkercher" sez I, "I swanny, it eenamost made me sick, he smelt more like a musk-rat than any thing else."

"You can't expect every body to have your taste in selecting perfumes for his toilet, Mr. Slick," sez she, a puckering up her mouth till it looked like a red clover top full of honey.

"I swow, Miss Miles, you look as harnsome as a full blown rose this morning," sez I, "It aint a mite of wonder that I couldn't sleep a bit last night."

With that I jest took a good squint at her as we went along, for I couldn't think what to say next. I don't believe the things she had on cost one cent less than 50 dollars, enough to rig out all the galls in Weathersfield with boughten finery; her cloak was the queerest thing I ever did see; it only reached jest down to her kneess, and was made out of rale shiny silk velvet. I know it was silk, for I jest slipped off my yaller glove, and felt on it to be sartin, as we walked along. It was kinder purply, like the damsons that grow in our corn lot, and was loaded down with some kind of long fur. Under that she wore another dréss of black silk velvet, that shone in the sun like a crow's back. The cloak had great open sleeves, edged with fur, a hanging round her arms; and I could see the corner of a handkercher a sticking out from the eend of her little black muff jest enough to show how harnsomenly it was figger'd off; a bunch of red flowers was stuck agin each side of her face under her bonnet, and her eyes looked bright, and her cheeks rosy enough to make a feller catch his breath. The more I looked at her, the more uneasy I got about that Count. I wanted to say something to her about him dreadfully, but some how I didn't know what to say first. I took out my handkercher agin, and then I wiped my nose and put it back; then I begun to examine the fingers of my yaller gloves, to see how they stood the weather. Finally, I lost step, and it took me three minutes to get the right hitch agin; at last I bust right out, and, sez I—

"Now, Miss Miles, between you and I and the post, jest tell me do you raly care anything about that are Count?"

She turned her roguish black eyes to my face, and, sez she, "Why, Mr. Slick, how can you ask such a question?"

"Now that's Yankee all over," sez I "you

haint told me yet: only asked me another question to match mine."

"What do you want to know for?" sez she, sort of softly.

"Oh, not much of anything; I should kinder like to know, that's all," sez I. With that, think sez I, I'll try and make her jealous a leetle, and sez I,—

"Do you know, Miss Miles, that they've been a printing my picter clear off in Michigan and down in Cincinnati. I guess I shall go out there one of these days and see how I like the folks out West, I begin to git eenamost tired of York." I warn't wrong; that brought her to her senses purty quick.

"You don't really intend to leave the city," sez she, a looking at me as arnest as could be.

"Wal, I don't know," sez I, "them Western editors want me to come dreadfully. One on 'em sent me word that they had a grist of harnsome galls in his State."

"Is the picter out West so very well painted," sez she.

"Wal," sez I, "its a purty good likeness, considering it was took in my old clothes," (and with that I took out the paper and I showed it to her. "I ruther think it will be best for me to go on there," sez I, a putting up the picter; "that are Count will think I want to cut him out, I'm afeard.")

I looked straight at her as I said this, but she begun to smooth down the fur on her muff with her little hand, and when she did speak I had to bend my head down to hear what she was a saying.

Afore I could make out what she meant to say, a couple of handsome young gals come along and they stopped as if they were tickled to death to see her; I thought there warn't much chance for me to git another word in edgeways; so I cut for the office and left them a talking as they went along.

Think sez I, as I was a going along through the Park, arter all, human natur is purty much the same in all places. I don't see as there's much difference between our gals there in Weathersfield, that wear calico frocks and straw bonnets, and these York tippies that go out all furbelowed off in their silks and satins. They are six of one and half a dozen of tother the world over. If it hadn't been for that are Count I should not have been much at a loss to know how to take Miss Miles. When a gal begins to talk down her throat, and fingers her muff as she did, its a purty sure symptom that there'll be a change of weather in her heart afore long, but somehow that tarnal Count, consarn him; put me all out on my natural reckoning. But who cares? sez I to myself. J'll bet a cookey if there warn't but two men in the world, and them were that darned feller and Jonathan Slick, and she'd got to marry one or tother on us, she wouldn't be long a

making up her mind whether to take a chap for what he's got in his head or for the hair that grows outside on it; for a gal with half an eye might see that when a feller's brains all run to hair, he can't have much sense left.

But when these fellers are so chased after by all the gals, there is no saying what kind of a chance a plain, honest chap like me might have among 'em. But any how, I'll try my luck to-morrow, for if I don't go to see her I shall be sick abed, that's sartin.

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK.

### LETTER VIII.

#### *The Morning Call—A Coquette's Dressing Room.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield, in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR:

Arly the next morning, I got up and put on my new clothes agin, and sot afore the fire, thinking of eenamost every thing on arth, till the clock struck nine; then I slicked down my hair a leetle, and pulled foot up Broadway agin. I kinder expected every minute that I should meet Miss Miles, as I did yesterday; but somehow there didn't seem to be any body a stirring. There warn't a single one of them whiskered chaps in sight, and all the women-folks that I could see, up or down, seemed tu have on nothing but their everyday clothes. I saw tew or three rale homespun, modest-looking young critters, but they warn't dressed up, and some on 'em were a carrying band-boxes and sich things afore them. Once I got allfired wrathly, for a nigger woman stood out on the stun side-walk with a great, long brush in her hand, a scrubbing the winders of a big house with it; and jest as I come along, she give the brush a flourish, and sent a hull thunder-shower of dirty water all over my new clothes.

"You eternal black nigger, you! you'd better look out, and keep your soap-suds for them that wants washing," sez I.

But she hee-he'd out a larfin, and begun tu brush away agin jest as if I hadn't said a word tu her. Think sez I, it wouldn't be jest the thing for any body tu see me a jawing here with a nigger wench, so I may as well grin and bear it, for I don't know of any thing that proves a feller a leetle soft in the garret, so much as keeping up a quarrel with a person that is so much beneath him that there ain't nothing tu be gained, though you du git the upper hand. So I choked in, and took out my handkercher and wiped off my coat-

sleeves, and went along; but it warn't no easy matter tu navigate so as not tu git a second ducking, for every nigger in York seemed tu be out a washing winders. I come near slipping up tew or three times, the stuns were so wet afore all the housen. I can tell you what, this going tu make morning calls ain't no joke, especially if a feller happens tu be dressed up. The niggers will sponge his coat for him, if the tailor forgot tu, without charging him for the trouble.

Jest afore I got up tu the great four-story house where Miss Miles lives, I begun tu feel sort of anxious agin. Think sez I, what on arth shall I say tu her when I du get there? so I kept a thinking over a nice leetle speech that I meant tu make. I'd read in story-books about lovers that always went down on their knees when they talked soft sodder tu such stuck-up gals as Miss Miles; but tu save my life, I couldn't make up my mouth tu it; the gal must be something more than common flesh and blood that would ever bring Jonathan Slick on his marrow bones, I'm thinking; so if she calculates that I'm a going tu make such a mean coot of myself as that, why she may go tu grass for what I care.

Besides, sez I tu myself, how on arth would I kneel down in these new-fashioned trousers, if I wanted tu ever so much; when arter putting one thing and another together, I made up my mind that kneeling down tu the gals must have gone out of fashion here in York when the chaps give up wearing them trousers puffed in at the waistbands. This kinder made my mind easy on that point; so I went on thinking over what I should say tu Miss Miles when I got tu her house.

Now it ain't no ways hard tu make first-rate speeches up in a feller's head, when he's a going tu see a gal that he's a beginning tu take a shine arter; but somehow the worst on it all is, a chap always forgets every word on it when he comes where the gal is.

I begun to grow awful uneasy jest afore I got to the house, and my heart sot to beating in my bosom, like the pestle in an old fashioned samp mortar. It seemed to me as if somebody was a looking arter me, and as if they knew that I was going a courting in broad day light, which was enough to make any decent chap look foolish that had never thought of making up to the gals only on a Sunday night arter dark, when these things seem to come nat'ral.

Wal, when I got agin the house, I took a squint up to the winders, for I tought ma be Miss Miles would be a looking out; but there warn't nobody to be seen, so I went up the wide marble steps, that looked as white as snow, with a great chunk of marble a curling down each side on 'em, and there I stood stock still, for my heart floundered

about so that it eenamost choked me, and if I'd a been hung I couldn't a got up pluck to pull the silver knob and make somebody come and let me in; for all the York people keep their doors fastened in the day time, so that if a feller's in ever so much of a hurry, he's got to stand out doors till a nigger comes to let him in.

By am by a black gal stuck her head up from under the steps, as if she was a going tu speak, so I turned my back to the door, and stuck both hands in my pockets, and began to whistle, as independent as could be, jest to let her see that I didn't feel anxious to get in. Arter that I went down the steps agin, jest giving a leetle touch of Yankee Doodle, sort of easy, as I walked up and down on the stun walk afore the house, a trying to git up courage. At last a gal come to the door with a tin basin in her hands, and begun to scour the silver knobs, so I jest went right up the steps agin like a house a fire, and sez I to the gal—

"Is Miss Miles tu hum?"

She kinder stared at me, as if she was a going to ask what I wanted, but I warnt a going to stand there a talking to her, so I jest pushed ahead, and went into the entry way. There warn't no body there, but one of the mahogany doors that opened on one side was wide open, and I went in.

If any thing, the two great rooms was more harnsome than them at Cousin Beebe's: the footstools and the setees and the chairs were all civered with shiny red velvet figured off like all natur; but they stood about over the carpet every which way. Two or three little stun tables stood out in the middle of the room; one on 'em was civered with decanters and wine glasses, and some of the books lay all civered with gold, a glittering and shining on the carpet. The grates were all lined with solid silver, but there warn't a spark of fire in either on 'em yet, and the ashes lay all scattered out over the stun hearths as thick as could be. A part of the great silk winder curtains were hitched up, and the rest on 'em fell clear down to the floor over the winders, till the sunshine that come a pouring through them looked as light and red as a hundred glasses full of currant wine. Thinks I, what on arth has become of all the folks? One would think that they hadn't eat breakfast yet, by the looks of things; yet that couldn't be, for by that time it was eenamost ten o'clock, and any body that has the least idee of gitting a living won't wait arter six for his breakfast.

Wal, arter wandering about the rooms a good while, I went into the entry way agin; by that time the gal that I'd seen at the door had got up on a chair, and was a hauling down a great round glass thing, which was hung by a sort of chain up to the ruff of the entry. When she see me a coming out of the

two rooms, she yelled out as if she didn't know that I was there afore.

"What do you want here?" sez she, as impardent as could be.

"Hold your tarnal yop, you critter you," sez I, "and jest tell me where Miss Miles is; I've come to make her a morning call."

The gal seemed a leetle mortified by that, and sez she to a leetle stuck up cuffy boy that come up stairs jest then, "here's a gentleman wants to see Miss Miles—is she up yet?"

Wal, now, thinks sez I, if this York aint the beatumest place that ever I did see—there aint a nigger in it but what's a poking fun at you, or a throwing water or some tarnal thing or another. I wonder if these leetle coots think I'm soft enough to believe that an honest, harnsome gal like Miss Miles, lies abed till ten o'clock. They don't stuff me up that way, any how, if I did come from the country.

"What name shall I take up?" sez the leetle cuffy, a bowing.

"Oh, I haint partic'lar," sez I; "you may take up any you like best—but I wish you'd jest tell me where she is, for I begin to feel eenamost tuckered out, a walking and a standing round here."

The leetle cuffy looked at the gal, and then they both begun to giggle and tee hee like any thing.

"Look a here, you leetle copper colored image you," sez I to the nigger, "jest you step up this minit if you don't want to git an allfired thrashing!"

The poor leetle varmint looked scared out on a year's growth, and sez he, as humble as could be, "Who shall I say wants to see Miss Miles?"

"Never you mind that," sez I, "go ahead, and I guess she won't be long a finding out."

With that the nigger went up stairs and I arter him full chisel; he looked round as if he wanted to say something jest as he stopped by a door in the upper entry way, but I told him to go ahead and hold his yop, for I warn't a going to wait any longer. So he rapped at the door and somebody sed "come in." My heart riz in my throat, for I knew whose voice it was, and I begun to feel as if I'd pitched head forerd into a mill dam. The cuffy opened the door and sez he, "ma'am here's a gemman that *would* come up."

I heard somebody give a leetle scream, and with that I jest pushed the nigger out of the way, and sez I, "Miss Miles, how du you du?"

I sniggers, if I didn't raly pity the poorgal, she looked so struck up of a heap; but what on arth made her act so I couldn't tell at fust, for I felt kinder streaked as if I'd done something that wasn't exactly right, though I couldn't think what, and was as much as a minit afore I looked right in her face. But

jest as I lifted up my head, and drew up my foot, arter making one of my first cut bows, she stood jest afore me. By the living hokey, I never was so struck up in my born days! You know what I've told you about Miss Miles, about her plump round form, her red lips, and her rosy cheeks. Well, I'll be darned if there was one of them left—I shouldn't have known her no more than nothing, if it hadn't been for her eyes and the way she spoke. Her neck and fored that always looked so white and harnsome, when I see her at Cousin Mary's, and in Broadway, was as yaller as a saffron bag. There warnt the least mite of red in her face, and her hair was all frizzley, and done up in a leetle bunch, about as big as a hen's egg behind! She had on a great loose awk'ard-looking gown, that made her seem twice as chunked as she used to, and that looked more like a man's shirt cut long and ruffled round than any thing else. It warnt any too close neither, and both her leetle shoes were down to the heel.

There I stood a looking at her with all the eyes in my head—my foot was drawed up tight, and my arms were a hanging streight down, jest as they swung back arter I'd made my bow. I kinder seemed tu feel that my mouth was open a leetle, and that I was a staring at her harder than was manners for me. But if you'd a given me the best farm in all Weathersfield, I couldn't have helped it, I was so struck up in a heap at seeing her in such a fix. I guess it was as much as two minits afore either on us said a word; and, at last, Miss Miles turned to the nigger as savage as a meataxe, and, sez she,

"Why didn't you show Mr. Slick into the drawing room?"

"Oh, don't seem to mind it," sez I a walking into the room, and a setting down on a chair with my hat between my knees, I'd jest as lives set up here as any where."

She looked as if she'd bust right out a crying, but at last she sot down and tried to act as if she was glad to see me. She begun to make excuses about herself and the room, and said she wasn't very well that morning, and that she'd took a new book, and sot down jest as she was, to read it.

"Oh," sez I, "dont make no excuses; it aint the fust time that I've ketched a gal in the suds. Marm used tu say that she never looked worse than common that somebody wasn't sartin to drop in."

"Will you excuse me one instant, Mr. Slick," sez she, a minit arter I'd said this, and a looking down on her awk'ard dress, as if she couldn't help but feel streaked yit.

"Sartinly," sez I; "don't make no stranger of me."

With that, she opened a doer and went into a room close by. I jest got a good peak into it as she went through the doer, and an alfred harnsome room it was. There was a

great mahogany bedstead a standing in the middle, with a high goose feather bed on it, kivered all over with a white quilt and great square pillows all ruffled off, and the winder curtains were part white and part sort of indigo blue. I couldn't git a chance to see what else there was, she shut the door so quick. "By gracious," sez I to myself, arter she went out, "who on arth would ever have thought that Miss Miles was so old. When I saw her yesterday, I'd a took my Bible oath that she warnt more than eighteen, but now I'll be choked if she dont look as ancient as the hills. If ever she sees thirty agin she'll have ter turn like a crab and walk backwards five or six years." What puzzled me most was how in creation she contrived to look so young—but it warnt a great while afore I made it out as clear as one of Deacon Sykes' exhortations. Arter she'd gone out I jest got up and took a sort of survey of the room; everything was tother eend up, helter skelter in it; there was no eend to the finery and harnsome furniture, but it don't make much odds how extravagant one is a laying out money if things aint kept neat and snug in their places. The more things cost, the more it seems to hurt a feller's feelings to see them flung about topsy turvy, as they were in that room. I ruther think she didn't have her company up there very often—but a gal that's got a good bringing up will be jest as particular about the place she keeps for herself, and which company never sees, as if it was likely to be seen every day of her life.

I begun tu be alfred glad that I didn't ask her tu have me yesterday, for if she'd ben as young as she seemed tu be, and as harnsome as an angel, I wouldn't a had her arter seeing that leetle room of hern. A pocket handkercher, worked and sprigged, and ruffled off with lace, was a lying on the settee, but it was all grimed over with dirt, and looked as if it would a gin any thing for a sight of the wash tub. The carpet was as soft and thick as could be, and it was kivered over with bunches of posies as nat'ral as life; but there was a great grease spot close by the fire, where somebody had upst a lamp, and all around the edges and in the corners it looked as if it hadn't been swept for ever so long. A chest of drawers, solid, shiney mahogany—with a great looking-glass, swung between two pieces of mahogany on the top, stood on one side of the room, and there, a hanging over the edge on 'em, as true as I live, were the long, harnsome curls that I'd seen on Miss Miles when she was tu cousin Mary's party! Wal, think sez I, if this don't take the rag off the bush! What do you think I saw next? A glass tumbler about half full of water, with three nice, leetle, white teeth a lying in the bottom on it! I couldn't help but give a leetle whistle when I saw them. Think sez I, it's jest as like as not that Miss

Miles won't pucker up her mouth and smile, quite so much this morning as she did yesterday, any how.

There were two leetle china cups with the kivers a lying down by them; one was filled with white stuff, kinder like flour, only ruther more gritty, and t'other was full of something that looked as much like rose leaves ground down to powder as anything. A leetle chunk of cotton wool was stuck into it, but what on arth it was for, I couldn't make out. There were two or three silk cushions chuck full of pins, on the drawers, and there was no eend to the leetle glass bottles all sprigged off with gold, a lying round on the mantle-shelf, as well as on the tables and the chest of drawers.

In one corner of the room there stood a great looking-glass, a swinging between two leetle posts cut out of mahogany, and right over it two silk frocks were tumbled up together. I begun tu finger them a leetle, for somehow I felt curious tu know how the tarnal cunning critter contrived tu make herself look so plump and round. It didn't want much cyphering tu find her out. The tops of her frocks, both on 'em, were all stuffed full of something soft that made them stand out as nat'ral as life. I hadn't but jest time tu drop the frock and set down agin—looking as innocent as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth—when Miss Miles come back agin. She'd put on another frock, all ruffled off, and somehow or other, had fixed up her hair so as to look ruther more ship shape; but she hadn't had time to put herself all together, though her face did look a leetle whiter than it did when I fust went in. There warn't a bit of a hump on her back, and she was nat'ral all the way round!

I felt ruther uneasy, for, think sez I, it's jest as like as not she'll expect me tu talk over a leetle soft sodder with her, as I did yesterday; but I'll be darned if it don't make me sick tu think on it. I hitched about on my chair, and I looked at every thing in the room but her, then I took up my hat and begun to balance it on my two fore fingers, and at last sez I—

"Wal, Miss Miles, I s'pose I may as well be a jogging."

"Don't be in a hurry," sez she, a trying tu smile, but without opening her lips a bit; "I hope you won't make strangers of us."

I let my hat drop, and picked it up agin.

"What book was that that you've been a reading," sez I, detarmined tu say something.

"Oh, that's the Countess of Blessington's last work," sez she; "it's a charming book. Do you like her writings, Mr. Slick?"

"Wal, I don't know," sez I; "I never read any of her books, but it kinder strikes me that she ain't no great shakes herself, anyhow."

"Oh, you shouldn't be sensorious, Mr. Slick," sez she. "You know Mr. Willis visited her, and was delighted."

"Wal, now," sez I, "it's my opinion that Mr. N. P. Willis couldn't be over hard to please, if a woman only had a title to her name; but I wonder how on arth he contrived tu git so thick with the quality over there in England. I ruther think I shall go over there and try my luck one of these days, in his way, they seem to be so taken up with us Yankees, but arter all if a feller has to go over England to let them lords and editors puff him, afore anybody will take notice on him, he'd better take tu some other bisness. There ain't a man in all this country that ever wrote more genuine things than that chap did when he was a leetle shaver in Yale College, and yet nobody would believe a word on't till he went off to England. Now it's my opinion that he never wrote anything arter he went off, half so much to his credit as he did afore, and when he came here to York from about our parts, jest as I've come now, if he didn't deserve tu be treated well then, why he don't now, that's sartin. But I used tu know him down East, and it's my opinion that he's a first rate, hull-hearted feller, and a rale genuine poet tu boot! But I swanny! Miss Miles, I must be a going, you hain't no idea how much I've got tu du!"

With that I got up and made a bow. She made a curchy, and, sez she, "Mr. Slick, call agin, we shall always be glad to see you."

"Sartinly," sez I; so I made another bow and cut stick down stairs into the open street. But if Miss Miles ever ketches me on her premises agin, she'll ketch a weasel asleep, I guess. That Count may marry her—what there is left of her—and go to grass, for what I care.

Your loving son,

JONATHAN SLICK,

## LETTER IX.

*A New York Parvenu.—Jonathan's Account of his Cousin Jason Slick, and how Jason was too lazy to work, and got rich on soft sodder.—The dinner of a Connecticut Coaster.—A New York coat of arms, lions couchant and levant.—Yankee Ancestry.—The way a Yankee speculates, and gets up States, Railroads and Banks, by soft sodder.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR:

It is eenamost twelve o'clock, jest arter New Years, and here I be as wide awake as a night hawk, and a feeling purty considera-

bly rily in the upper story. So I believe it 'll be about the best thing I can du tu clap down and tell you all about New Year's Day here in York.

But first I want tu tell you something about all the trials and troubles that I've had tu go through since I wrote my last letter—I don't believe there ever was a human critter so chased arter as I've been. They talk about Cherry street not being fashionable, but I'll be darn'd if I believe there's a more genteel street in the city. It's the folks that live in a place that make it genteel or not, and if Cherry street aint at the top of the mark afore many more weeks, it 'll be because I move my office out on it, for there's no eend to the great shiney carriages that come down and stop afore my door, eenamost every hour in the day. It raly does look funny enough to see great pussey fellers, as big as the side of the house, a sitting in them things all bolstered up with cushions and civered over with skins, like a baby shut up in a go-cart, afore it begins tu run alone.

T'other day there was one of these fat chaps come into my office, and sot out tu make me believe that he was a sort of a relation of mine. I didn't feel jest right, for since I begun to print my letters in the Express it beats all natur how many relations, that I never heard on afore, have been a trying tu scrape an acquaintance with me. Wal, arter a good deal of beating about the bush, this chap at last made out purty tolerably clear that he was a kind of great toe cousin of our'n, and that he was born and brought up in Weathersfield. He come his soft soder over me mighty smooth, and had a good deal to say about how much he thought of us all, and how fond he'd been of Sam and me. I wish you could a seen how he pusseed out his mouth and breathed through his nose, and what a heap of pomposity he put on when he was a talking. He acted jest like our old turkey gobbler, when he goes training the young turkeys round the barn-yard, with his wings feathered out and his tail spread. Wal, arter talking all kinds of rigmarole for about an hour, he begun tu tell how hard it was for a young man tu start in the world, and get along without somebody tu give him a push up the hill, and that it didn't make much odds how much genius a man had, or how smart he was, if he hadn't some rich and influential friend tu back him up.

"Now," sez he, "cousin Slick," and you can't think how easy he seemed tu call me cousin; "you've done purty well since you come to York, considering that you hadn't nobody to help you along but Mr. Beebe; but you must get a peg higher yet; we must introduce you among the aristocracy."

"The what?" sez I.

"The aristocracy," sez he agin, struttin' back, and poking one hand down into his

trousers' pocket, as if he was a going tu take something out.

Wal, think, sez I, I 'spose arter he's fumbled about long enough, he'll show me what aristocracy is if he carries it about in his pocket like the rest on 'em; but he only took out a piece of pinto silver, and began to poke it between his teeth; and arter he'd got through, he made out tu finish what he was a saying.

"Now," sez he, "I think I've seen Mr. Beebe at the New England dinner, and at one or two places of that sort where one meets almost every body, and for a merchant that hasn't made enough tu leave off business, I dare say he's a very respectable sort of a man, but he don't exactly belong tu the—the; that is, tu the class—who—which I mean tu take you inter, Mr. Slick; a class that claim some standing from their ancestors—men of family, that can be traced back like our's, cousin."

"Yes," sez I, sort o' pleased, "I believe we never had many relations tu be ashamed on. Par always used tu say that grandpa Slick could make about the harsomest pair of cow-hide boots of any feller in Weathersfield; and as for uncle Josh, I'd be darned if ever I saw his equal at shoeing a hos. They were prime old chaps both on 'em—rale peelers, I can tell you. Now, come tu ththk on it, there was one lazy coot of a feller that never would work for a living; but he went off when I was a little shaver, and our folks don't know what became of him. He warn't much credit tu us, that's a fact."

"I don't know what on arth made my pussey cousin get so fedgity all at once, but he begun to hitch about in his chair, and turned as red as a winter apple; and, sez he—

"Cousin Slick, this isn't the way we gentlemen prove that we are men of family. If that was the way we did it, there aint many men in the country that would go back two generations without breaking their neck over a lap stone or an anvil. Now I have taken a good deal of pains to trace out our family line, and the only way I could do it was to skip all the mechanics and farmers, jest touch slightly on the merchants, lawyers, and ministers, but to dwell purty particularly hard on them that lived high and did nothing; now a days it helps a feller along a good deal if he can count up an author or so; and it was considered something of a feather in a man's cap if any of his relations were sent to Congress a few years ago; but now, since they've got a kicking up a dust every other day in the Capitol, and to spitting fire at each other like dogs and cats, it don't help a man much to claim any of them for connexions except here and there one that has got decency enough to be ashamed of the rest. I begin to be glad that none of our family ever got into politics much; but step to the door, cousin Slick, and

I'll show you the coat-of-arms that I've got on my carriage."

"Wal," sez I, "I don't care if I do, though it comes kinder tough to leave the stove this cold day." With that I tipped down my chair, and took my feet off from the stove and went to the door. By gracious! but he had a smasher of a coach a standing there. It glistened and shone in the sun like a house afire. A great strapping nigger sot on a kind of double chair with a low narrow back, civered over with fine brown broadcloth, all fringed and tossed off like any thing—and a great bearskin was hauled up over his legs, all scalloped off with red cloth and stuck over with coons' tails. The horses beat all live critters I ever did see; they were as black as crows, and I couldn't say which glistened the most, the tarnal smooth coots, or the harness put over them. They were all civered over and sot out with silver. The horses had great yaller roses stuck on the sides of their heads, like a gal when she's dressed up for a party. My pussy cousin, he opened the door, and sez he,

"Look a here, cousin, haint this purty well got up?"

I looked inside, and there was a leetle sort of a room about big enough for cousin Beebe to put his swarry in, if he wanted to carry it about with him. It was all lined off and stuck full of cushions, and tossed and fringed like a curtained bed. Two great spotted skins lay tumbled up in the bottom, and there were leetle glass doors with steps to them on both sides; it raly was handsome enough to make a feller's eyes feel snow-blind.

"Wal," sez I, a looking at my pussy cousin; "this does about take the shine off eenamost all the coaches that ever stopped to my office—and there's been a grist on 'em, I can tell you, and some with tarnal handsome ladies in them too."

"Yes," sez he, sort of interrupting what I was going to say; "but you haint a looking at the coat of arms—that is what I want you to see."

"Wal," sez I, a giving the nigger a purty general survey, that sot back of the horses dressed up in sort of regimentals, all finied off with buttons and yaller cloth; "the coat is well enough—I don't see much to find fault with in it, though to own the truth, Captain Wolf, of the Weathersfield Independent Company, had a training coat that beats it all to nothing. As for the critter's arms, niggers may be different to white people in that way, but I don't see much odds—mebby you mean this other chap's, and his are long enough, that's a fact."

With that I jest took a good squint at a great tall shote of a feller, with arms like a pair of flails hung up arter threshing. He was a standing up back of the coach, and a hanging on to a couple of great tassels fasten-

ed to it, as independent as a monkey in a show. His coat and trousers were just like the nigger's, and he had a great wide band of gold stuff round his hat! My pussy cousin only shook his head when I looked at the chap. The nigger twisted his neck round, and the tall varmint stuck hisen up, and they begun to grin and tee hee at each other over the coach.

"See here, this is what I mean," sez my cousin; and his fat cheek begun to grow red with the cold or something. With that he put his finger on a picter, all sprigged out with gold that was figgered on the door, and sez he, "this is the coat and arms."

"Wal," sez I, "I've seen a good many picters, but I never heard them called by that name afore. I s'pose this is some York notion that you've picked up, haint it?"

"It's the genuine thing," sez he, "and I paid a deal of money for it, I can tell you."

"Wal," sez I, a looking at the consarn purty sharp; "them two critters a lying down there cut a considerable of a dash, that's a fact; but the rooster on the top, that are beats all. It's so nat'ral, it seems to me as if I could hear it cockadoodledoo right out."

"Yes," sez my cousin, "that is well done, aint it? But I see you don't exactly comprehend the science of heraldry. Now all these things mean something."

"You don't say so," sez I.

"These are lions couchant," sez he a pinting to the wild critters.

"You don't say so!" sez I agin; "I've seen a good many lions in the shows that travel through Weathersfield, but I never saw a croushong afore. They look purty much alike, don't they though?"

With that the two varmintes stuck up at each eend of the carriage begun to tee hee agin, and my pusey cousin sez he, "Mr. Slick, supposing we go in."

"Wal," sez I, "but if you'd jest as leves, I should kinder like to know what that rooster means afore we go."

"Can't you guess what part of the Slick family that belongs to?" sez he, a strutting up and rubbing his hands together as proud as could be.

"Wal," sez I, "I don't know, without it belongs to Aunt Lydia—par's old maid of a sister; she sartinly did beat all natur at raising chickens. You never heard of an egg turning out rotten, or a duck gitting drowned, on her premises."

With that the two chaps giggled right out, and stuck their fists into their darnd great tatur-traps as if they felt a cold; and my pussy cousin, sez he, "It's a gitting cold—less go in."

"Wal," sez I, "I don't care if we du; but I tell you what, if them two chaps don't jest hush up their everlasting yop, I'll give them both an allfired thrashing—I will, by gosh!"



I ruther guess the two mean critters hauled in their horns a few at this; and arter I'd gin them both a purty savage look, we went into the office agin.

"Now," sez my pussy cousin, jest as soon as we'd both sot down agin, "Cousin Slick, I've found you out, and I mean to du something for you—something handsome, you may depend on't. Jest you call up to my house next New Year's day, and git acquainted with my folks, and arter that you needn't be consarned about anything. I'm purty well known here in the city, and my relation can hold up his head almost anywhere, I should think! I was down tu the Astor House t'other day," sez he, a stopping to git breath and stretchin both his legs out straight, while he stuck both hands in his pockets, mighty big, "and there was that foreign Count and Miss Miles's brother running on about you, and swearing that they'd skin you alive the first time they caught you in Broadway; but I went up tu them, and sez I, 'that young gentleman is a near relation of mine, and anything you say agin him, I take tu myself.' You can't think, cousin Jonathan, what an impression it made! So you needn't have the least fear of what they can du while I stand by you—they know me."

With that, my pussy cousin got up—and arter he'd shook hands with me, he went off, carriage and all. I say, par, I wish I could give you some idee of him. Did you ever see a great spotted toad a swelling under a harrier, or a turkey gobbler jest afore thanksgiving?

I say nothing; but didn't I larf arter he'd gone. The great stuck-up bear, with his family, and his hens and roosters—he go to grass.

Wal, jest as soon as my pussy cousin had cleared out, I put on my hat, and streaked it down tu Peckslip, for Captin Doolittle has jest put in agin with another load of garden sarce; and think, sez I, maybe he can tell me something about this chap, for he knows eenamost everybody that ever lived anywhere about Weathersfield.

The Captin had jest sot down to dinner, and was a digging away like all natur, at a hunk of cold pork and a raw onion; a mug of something hot stood on the locker afore him, and he looked like live I can tell you.

"Wal," Jonathan, sez he, a looking kinder skewing at my new trousers, "Won't you set by and take a bite?"

"Well," sez I, "I shouldn't mind if I did, but to-morrow is New Year's, and I've got tu go and see a hull heap of these York gals, and I'm afraid my breath will smell of the onions."

I wish you could a seen how Captin Doolittle stared, as he stuck his face close up tu mine, and proudly givin his jack knife a grip,

he struck the butt eend of it down on the locker, and sez he,

"Jonathan, there a spiling you down here in York, they be, by the hokey! Go hum, I tell you, and marry Judy White—she knows what's what, and I can tell you these York gals that turn up their noses at the smell of onions can't have decent bringing up, any how. They've sot you agin onions already, and it won't be a great while afore you'll turn agin your own relations."

"Now," sez I, "Captin Doolittle don't say that are, it makes me feel bad, and I don't desarse it. A feller that will let money, or a stuck up name, or the barnsomet gal that ever trod shoe leather set him agin his own father and mother, deserves tu be kicked tu death by grasshoppers."

This seemed to sort of mollify the captin, but he stripped the peel off another onion mighty wrothy, and arter a minit sez he, "Wal, Jonathan, I'm glad to hear that you've got some of your old notions left, but I always make a pint not to talk when I'm a eating, so if you won't set by, why jest keep a stiff jaw while I stow away another slice of pork and this piece of onion, and then I'm the man for you."

With that he went to cutting off a chunk of pork and a chunk of onion to hand about, till it fairly made my eyes water to see him crunch them down. Arter a while he wiped his jack-knife on his cuff, shut it tew with a jerk and put it in his trousers' pocket; then he took a pull at the mug, and arter he'd got a long nine purty well a going, he stretched out his legs and sez he,

"Wal, Jonathan, what did you come for, if you didn't want nothing to eat?"

With that I sot down and told him all about my pussy cousin. I could see that the critter had heard on him afore by the way he twisted his mouth around about the long nine; but when I told him about the carriage and the rooster and so on, he jest took and give the long nine a fling, clapped his thumb agin the side of his nose, and winking one eye, made his fingers twinkle up and down for as much as a minit without saying a word; arter a while he asked the critter's name, and when I told him, he jumped up, cut a pigeon wing over the locker and stopping right afore me, winked t'other eye, and sez he—

"Look a here, Jonathan, didn't your par never tell you about Jase Slick, the great lazy coon, that got married and went off West, because he was so allfired lazy, that he couldn't git a living like other folks.—Jest let me cool off a leetle, and I'll tell you all about him."

With that the Captin brushed away the onion skins and we sat down together on the locker, and sez he—"Mebby your par never

told you what an eternal lazy shote Jase was, but he did beat all natur for doing nothing but swop jack-knives and pitch coppers. He was a tickler though at trapping mushrats and shooting foxes, and he use to send the skins down here to York. Now it aint common that you'll find a lazy shack of a feller very tight about money, but Jase was as close as the bark of a tree, he'd a skinned a musketoe any day, for the hide and taller. I don't believe the critter ever stood treat in his hull life, I don't, by gracious.

"Wal, arter all, he got a bad hearted feller, but when he see that all the gals turned up their noses at him, and didn't give him invites to their quiltings and so on, he coaxed me to let him work his passage down here to York. He used to send his skins by me, and so I kinder felt for him, and kept track on him a good while arter he got here. He did purty tolerably well at first, considering who it was—he bought a hand-cart, and took people's trunks and sich things up from the steamboats and sloops that put into Peckslip, but there was too much work about that to suit him, so he got somebody to lend him a little money and sot up a rum shop close by the Slip.

"Arter that," sez the Captin, a picking up his long nine and a lighting it, "arter that I kinder lost track on him, but somebody told me that he'd swapped off his stock and gone out West. Wal, two years go by purty quick, you know, Jonathan—or if you don't know, you will, when you git to be as old as I am—and I couldn't but jest believe it was so long since I'd seen the critter, when I met him smash in the face one day when I was a scooting up Wall street, to git specie for a five dollar bill. Gracious me! how he was a strutting up the side-walk—didn't he cut a swath—with his shiney black coat and the bunch of golden seals a hanging down from his watch fob. He didn't seem to know me at first, but I went right straight up to him and sez I—

"Wal, Jase, how du you du?" I never—how he did look! First he kinder held out his hand a leetle and then he hauled it back agin, and sez he 'how do you do sir?' but he seemed to be all in a twitter. I didn't seem to mind it, but I stuck my hands in my pockets jest as you do, Jonathan, there in your picters—and sez I—

"Tough and hearty as ever. How does the world use you about these times?"

"It was as much as I could do to keep from larfin right out, to see the eternal pussy critter skew his head round and look at the stream of men that was a going up and down on each side of the way as if he was afeard that some on 'em would see us, the mean sneakin coot! Arter a minit he sez, sez he 'Captin, I'm in a hurry now, but I spouse you

can be found in the old place. Good morning.'

"With that he jest put both hands under his coat tail, and tilting it up a leetle, went sailing along up the side walk like a prize hog jest afore killing time. I snorted right out, all I could do to help it. Then I bent down my knees a leetle and stuck my hands down hard in both pockets and I ruither guess the whistle I sent arter him made all the folks stare a few. It wasn't good manners, but I sarved him right. Jonathan, I'd been a friend to the critter when he wanted one bad enough, and any man on arth that's ashamed of his acquaintances because he's got a peg above them in the way of money is a coward and a purty mean shote,—there's no two ways about that.

"Wal, arter seeing Jase in the street so stuck up, I jest inquired a little about him, what he'd been a doing and so on; and, arter a while, I found out what made him so mighty obstoporous. You see he'd found out it warn't so easy tu git a living in York without doing some kind of work, so he absquatelated, as they say down here—but I don't think that's a ginuine word—and went off West.

"There he mushquashed round in the woods till he got tired of that kind of fun, and then he squat down on a section of wild land, cogitating a way tu git a living without grubbing for it. Arter a while he went round tu all the places that had any people to brag on, and put up tu the taverns, and told every body he met there about the spot where his land lay—what capital land it was—what good water, and alfred heavy timber. He sent here tu York and got him a map all pictured out chuck full of water privileges, and all sorts of things till he raly made the people believe that he'd found the very spot where the milenium was a going tu begin; a place where every holler tree was stuck full of honey comb, where the wild cats went purring about like so many rabbits, and the hen hawks cum down as kind as could be tu help the hens feed their little chickens.

"Wal, it warn't long afore his soft sodder begun to work among the green horns like yeast in a kneeding trough full of dough. Jonathan, if you ever see a flock of sheep shut up in a paster, you know something worth while about human natur. The minute one takes it into his head to clear the stun wall for another lot, the others all foller hilter skilter, as if the old Harry had kicked them on eend. Your cousin Jase knew a thing or two about the natur of mankind—he got the first sheep tu make a jump, and, hurra! it warn't no time before his section was all cut up into town lots, and grist-mills whirling three stuns, wherever there was a quart of water to make them go; and there was no eend tu the corduroy roads and log

bridges, and great kivered waggons, chuck full of women and children and other housen stuff, with baskets and brass kittlea a hanging on behind, that travelled over them eenam-mot from one year tu another. When folks begun tu wonder what on arth he'd do next, the critter got his territory transmogrified into a State, and then he sot railroads a twisty-fying every which way all through his lands; and that made things rise in value, like a toad stool in a hot night.

"By the living hokey the critter wasn't content with this, but he got anoshier kink into his head that did beat all. One way or tother, I don't know how, he got all his land and railroads and so on, worked up into pieces of paper that they call scrip; he bundled them all into his great coat pocket and come down tu York agin. And in less than no time he had the scrip all cut up into these red-backed bills, with picturs on 'em, that they offer here in York for money—then he sot up a bank on his own hook, where he keeps a making money hand over fist. He has a good chance I tell you, for he owns all in the bank: so he's President, Cashier and everything else, all himself; and, arter all his laziness, he's worth an alfred grist of money considering how he got it."

I swanny, I couldn't hardly keep still while Captain Doolittle was a talking. I felt all over in a twitter, and my mouth would keep a sort of open with thinking so eager of what he was a saying. The minute he'd done I jumped up and hollered right out—

"Hurra," sez I, "if that aint Yankee all over. I haint the least doubt now but the critter is jest what he sez he is—Slick to the back bone. Do you suppose there is any animal on arth besides a full-blooded Connecticut Yankee that would have gone that way tu get rich—all soft sodder and no work. I tell you what it is, captin, I'm raly proud tu own the critter. He's done some good in his day and generation, if he is so stuck up; for it aint in the natur of things for a feller tu get rich himself without making a good many others better off. To help himself a great deal a chap *must* help others a little, that's my notion."

"Yes," sez the captin, "but it's an eternal shame for these chaps tu curl up their noses at honest men." "Jest so," sez I.

With that I put on my hat, and was jest a going to cut stick—but Captin Doolittle, sez he—

"Look a here, Jonathan, if I was you, I'd make this chap pay over a little of his chink, or else I wouldn't ride about with him—I wouldn't, by gracious! He's tickled tu death tu git hold of a chap like you tu brag on; for now that he's got rich, you haint no idee how anxious he is tu make people think he knows something and always did. He talks about his aristocracy. The men of genius and

talons make the real aristocracy in this country, and he's in hopes of getting among 'em by elaiming relationship with you because you write for the papers. Supposing you ask him tu lend you a couple of thousand dollars."

"No," sez I, "I'll be darned if I do. If I can't cut my own fodder I'll go hum agin."

"Wal," sez the Captin, "mebby you can git him tu help you print your letters in a book. Your par would be tickled tu death if you could print a book like that Sam writ."

"Wal," sez I, sort o' prond, "there needn't be no hurry about that are; but if I do print one, and it can't pay its own expenses and a leetle over, it may go tu grass!"

With that I bid Captain Doolittle goodbye, and made tracks for my office agin.

## LETTER X.

*New-Year's Calls.—A real Yankee's New Year's Treat of Dough-nuts and Cider.—Jonathan's ideas of the real difference between a real lady's House and Furniture and the House of a stuck-up Parvenu.—Jonathan's ideas of Love and Ladies.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Wethersfield in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR:

I made a leetle inquiry about how people did a New Year's Day, and found out that it was the fashion to set out things, and treat everybody that come to see you. So arly in the morning I put a clean white towel on the leetle table in my office. Then I went into the cubby house room, where I keep my new clothes and kindling wood, besides my tooth brush and such things as I don't want tu use every day, and I drew a quart mug of that outrageous good cider, that you sent me by Captain Doolittle. I guess I looked like live when I went out agin, with the mug brimming over in one hand, and the pillar-case stuffed full of dough-nuts, that marm sent me t'other day—besides the hunk of cheese, and the lot of baked sweet apples, tucked under t'other arm. I heaped up a pile of the dough-nuts on one corner of the table, and sot the apple-box on the other, and made room for the cheese and the cider in the middle; and it raly made me feel sort of bad because marm couldn't see how nice I'd fixed it all. Thinks, sez I, there won't be many people in York that'll set a better treat afore the visitors than this I reckon, any how.

Wal, who should be the first critter that come in but cousin John Beebe, tu see what I was a going tu do with myself all day.

Arter I'd sot him a chair by the stove, I went up tu the table, and sez I,

"Cousin John, supposing we take a drink; its an afflied cold day and you look as if you couldn't stand it." My gracious, but didn't his eyes snap when he saw what I'd got. I mixed the cider up, putty hot with ginger, and then I sot it on the stove, and kept a stirring on it up with a little ivory thing that a purty gal sent me tu fold my letters with; it begun to foam and sparkle like anything; then I took a sip jest tu try it, and handed the mug over to cousin John.

"Here," sez I, "take a swaller; it an't like the pesky stuff you give me when I eat dinner up to your house. Insted of kicking up a dust in your upper story, it goes tu the right spot at once, and makes a feller feel prime all over in a giffey." I ruther seem tu think that cousin John warn't much afeared of the mug anyhow; he gave a sneezer of a pull tu it, and then his eyes began to glisten, and, sez he—

"I'm beat, Jonathan, if this aint prime; where on arth did you find it? I've sarched from one eend of York tu t'other for it a dozen times, but never made out tu get a drop yet." With that he set into it agin like all natur. "I declare," sez he, agin, choaking off long enough tu ketch his breath, "this does taste nat'ral."

"Aint it the rale critter?" sez I, a bending for'ard and rubbing both hands together a leetle easy. "It eenamost made me humsick when I first tasted on it, it put me so in mind of Weathersfield. Par sent me a hull cag on it, by Capt. Doolittle."

"Then it *did* come from the old humstid," sez he, a eyeing the mug agin—"I must drink a leetle more, for the sake of them that sent it." With that, he jest finished up the mug; and when he sot it down, he drew a long breath, and sez he agin, "that's prime, Jonathan."

"Aint it," sez I, starting off tu fill up the mug agin, for it tickled me tu see how he took tu the drink, and how much he made himself tu hum in my office. When I cum out of the leetle room agin, John he looked sort of eager at the mug, and then at the eatables laid out so tempting.

"I declare," sez he, "I begin tu feel as I use tu when we were boys, Jonathan." With that I sot the table between us, and the way we laid into the provinder was a compliment to marm. Arter cousin Beebe had eat ten of the dough-nuts, and a hunk of cheese as big as your fist, he stopt short, and sez he—

"Cousin, this won't du; if we keep on eating as much as we want, we shan't find room for all the eatables and drinkables that the folks will give us to-day, when we make our calls."

"Look a here, cousin Beebe," sez I, kinder

anxious, "you know I'm a sort of a green horn about New Years, for we don't have no sich things over amongst us. Supposing you jest tell me how they act and so on. I don't want tu make a coot of myself; and that pussy cousin of mine is a coming tu take me round in his carriage, where I suppose he means tu stick me up like a swarry for folks tu look at; and if I don't du everything according tu gunter, he'll be turning red and fussing about like an old hen that's got ducks for chickens. What on arth shall I say tu the gals, and what will they expect me tu du?"

Cousin Beebe he sot still a minit kinder nibbling away at the eend of a dough-nut, for he seemed mortal loth tu choke off, and at last sez he—

"When you come tu a house where you want tu call, jest go into the room where the ladies will be a waiting tu see folks, and arter a while they'll ask you to take some refreshments: wiith that they'll go up tu a table where there's wine and so on, if they haint teetotalists, and if they be"—

"It don't make no odds tu tell me how *they* act," sez I, "for I don't call on anybody that sets up tu be wiser than our Savior: he turned water into wine, and when I set up tu be better than him, I'll turn up my nose at it, but not afore. I wish you could a heard par argufy that question with the ministers. I ruther guess"—

Here cousin Beebe sot in, and sez he, "well, jest fill up a glass for the lady about half full, not a drop more, then pour out a glass for yourself"—

"What full?" sez I.

"Sartinly," sez he.

"Wal, sez I, "that seems kinder hoggish tu give yourself more than you du the lady; I don't seem tu like that."

"It's the fashion," sez he.

"Oh, is it?" sez I; "wal I think as like as not they know how to help themselves arter a feller's gone. I always notice that the gals that are so mighty stuck up as if they couldn't swaller anything but air before folks, stuff like all natur back of the pantry door."

John larfel a leetle as if he agreed with me, and sez he, "never mind that now, but when you've poured out the wine jest back and make a bow, and say 'the compliments of the season,' or any other interesting thing that you like. A person of your genius should not be at a loss for pleasant sayings—and after that drink off the wine, take a leetle of anything else that is on the table, and go away again."

"Wal now," sez I, "I can remember what tu say well enough, though it does seem tu me that there would be a leetle too much soft sodder in the speech if it warn't made tu a lady; but suppose you jest go over the

manoeuvre about the wine, so that I can git the kink on it, if you haint no objection."

"Very well," sez he, "remember I'm you, and you are the lady."

"Jest so," sez I.

"Wal," sez he, a taking up the cider mug, "observe me." With that he made a purlike bow, and give another allfired pull at the drink. I see what the critter was at; but think, sez I, I ruther think you've had your share of the cider. With that, I put out both hands a leetle easy, and took the mug from his mouth.

"See if I haint larnt it," sez I, as sober as a deacon; and with that I made him a low bow, and while I was a drinking off the cider, I jest winked one eye over the top of the mug, tu let him see that I was up tu a thing or two. The minit I pulled up, he began tu laugh as good-natured as a kitten; and arter I'd got my breath, I sot in, and we had a good haw-haw right out in the office.

Arter we'd both got sobered down, John he gave me an invite tu come up and see Mary, and then he cut slick tu go home and fix for visiting. I hadn't but jest time tu run out and git a piece of Injun rubber to clean my yaller gloves with, and begin tu fix up, when my pussy cousin come up the street, hurra boys, carriage and all, arter me. The tall chap let himself down from behind the carriage, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," sez I, a poking round the office arter a pin tu stick my shirt-color together, where the eternal washerwoman had washed the button off, consarn her!

The feller was dressed up like a Connecticut Major-General, all in yaller and blue, as fine as a fiddle; he kinder grinned a little when he see my table, and that I hadn't got my fix on yet; but when I looked in his face, he choked in, and, sez he, as humble as could be—

"Mr. Slick, my master is a waiting."

"Tell him not tu be in a pucker," sez I, "I ain't quite spruced up yet." With that he went out—I pitched on my clothes in less than no time, stuffed a baked apple and a few doughnuts into my coat pocket, for fear of accident, and follered arter. There he stood a holding upon the glass door, and a set of little steps all carpeted off, hung down tu the ground; and there was the fat nigger a twistifying his whip-lash round the horses' heads, as crank as a white man. I jest had time tu see that Jase had got his lions and roosters and crouchants pictered off on the curtain that hung round his seat; and then I jumped into the carriage as spry as a cricket. The tall chap folded up the steps as quick as marm could undu a cat's cradle, and shet the door tu, and away we went like a house a-fire. I swanny! but these coaches du go over the ground as slick as grease; it seemed jest like being bolstered up in a rocking-chair!

My pussy cousin seemed tu swell up bigger and bigger every minute, when he see how surprised I was with the spring of it; and, sez he—

"Now cousin, I'm a going tu take you tu see somebody worth knowing, and when they know that you're my relation, they'll take a good deal of notice of you; so jest put your best foot foremost."

Think sez I, it's lucky that I got cousin Beebe tu show me how it's done; but I kept a close lip and said nothing, for it was snapping cold, and a feller's words seemed as if they'd turn tu ice before he spoke 'em.

The nigger driv like fire and smoke, and it didn't seem no time afore we stopped by a great house clear up town, and the tall shote opened the door and undid the steps agin, as if he expected us tu git out.

"This is my house," sez my pussy cousin, "you go in and call on the ladies, and I'll drive round to one or two houses, and take you with me agin, by and by."

I got up sort of loth, for it seemed kinder awkward to go in alone; but afore I had a chance to say so, the tall shote shet tu the stairs, gin the door a slam, hopped up behind agin, and away they went like a streak of lightning.

I stood a minit, a looking about. It was cold enough to nip a feller's ears off, so I jest tucked my hands into my pockets as well as I could, and begun tu stomp my feet on the stun walk. It raly was fun to see the streets chuck full of fellers running up and down, hither and yon, as if the old Nick had kicked them on eend. Every one on 'em was dressed up in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and they all had their hair slicked down exactly alike, and most on 'em looked more like gals in boys' clothes than anything else. Not the shadow of a petticoat could a feller see, from one eend of York tu the other—it seemed as if the hull city had run tu boys for one day. The streets raly looked lonesome; for, arter all, it don't seem natral to go out and not see gals and women a walking about with their purty faces and fine clothes. A city without them, looks like a piece of thick woods without any sweet, green under-brush and handsome flowers. I don't know exactly why, but when I go into a place where there's nothing but men, it seems as if all the sunshine and posies of human natur was shet out; and as I stood there afore my pussy cousin's house, it made me feel sort of melancholy not to see the least glimpse of a red shawl or a furbelow nowhere about.

I believe arter all, that when a chap is a leetle scared about doing a thing, the best way is tu pitch for'ard, hit or miss, without tinkering on it. So as soon as I'd got a leetle grit raised, I up and pulled the door knob as savage as could be. It was an alfired big chunk of silver though, and the piece spread out on

the door was as big as a dinner-plate, and there was "JASON SLICK" cut out on it in all sorts of flourishes and curlicues. Think sez I, my pussy cousin means to hang out a specie sign, anyhow. I wonder he didn't have his rooster and lion and crouchants pictured off on his door too!

Arter a minute a tall chap that looked like a twin to the chap that stood behind the carriage, all dressed out jest as he was, too, like a major-gineral, stood a bowing and shuffling in the hall, as if he wanted to larn me how to dance. The way he sidled and bowed and spread out his hands as he opened the parlor door for me, was enough to make a feller bust with lawfin. Wal, afore I knew which eend my head was on, there I stood in the middle of a great long room, that was enough to dazzle a feller's eyes for a month, eenajest to look at it. The setees were all bright red, and glisened with thick velvet cushions. Great, heavy, yaller curtains hitched up with spears and poles, made out of gold, or something plaguey like it, hung over all the winders—all furbelowed and tossed off with great, blue balls, mixed up with red fringe. The carpet was the brightest and sofist thing I ever did see—but it was enough to make a feller stun blind to look at it, the fingers on it were so alfred gaudy. Every thing in the room was as costly and handsome as could be; but somehow it seemed as if every individual thing had come there on its own hook, and was so proud of itself that it wouldn't agree with its neighbors. The chairs looked dreadfully out of sorts with the setees, and the great looking-glasses made every thing seem ten times more fiery and bright with their glistering. The hull room seemed more like a garden planted with poppys, sun-flowers and mary-golds, than any thing I could think on. There was a table sot out at one eend, jest afore one of the looking-glasses, that made it seem as long agin as it raly was. It was all civered over with silver baskets and knives and forks, and glasses, and every thing that could be thought on to eat and drink. At both eends were leeble meeting-houses with steeples tu them, all made out of sugar-candy, and hull loaves of cake with flowers and birds a lying down on the top of 'em; besides some had leeble sugar lambs curled up on 'em, as nat'ral as life. I never did see a table so set off in my born days; it was a sight to look on. Cousin Beebe's warn't a touch tu it; but somehow the things were all crowded on so, and there was such heaps of every thing, that it didn't seem half so genteel as cousin Mary's did. It must have cost an alfred swad of money, though.

I was so struck up with the room and the table, that it was more than a minit afore I found out that there were any folks in the premises; but by am by I discovered a fat

chunked woman a sitting in a rocking chair, all cushioned with red shiney velvet. She sot close by the fire, but when I stepped back and put my foot out to make a bow, she got up and made mea curchy—but sich a curchy I never did see—it was about half-way between the flutter of a hen and the swagger of a fat duck. It was as much as I could do to keep from snorting right out to see her; but I choked in, and sez I, bowing again, "you see I make myself tu hum, marm. Mr. Slick, my pussy cousin, out there, wanted me to come and make you a New Year's call."

I wish you could a seen how the critter strutted up when I said this; but all to once she seemed to guess who I was, for she stuck her head a one side, and begun to smile and pucker up her mouth like all natur. Up she cum to me with both hands out, and sez she—

"Cousin, I'm delighted to see you. Mr. Slick was telling me about you yesterday, and sez I, invite him by all means. It aint often we can make free with a relation, they are so apt to presume upon it. Raly, some of Mr. Slick's family have been very annoying, they have indeed; they don't seem to understand our position; but you, cousin, you that have so much mind, can comprehend these things."

Afore I could get a chance to stick in a word edgeways, she took my hand, yaller glove and all, between both hern, and led me along to the fire. Arter I'd sot down, she kept a fingering over one of my hands as if it belonged to her. Think, sez I, what on earth can the old critter mean? I'll be darned, if she was fifteen years younger. I should think she had such a notion to the family, that she wasn't particular how many on 'em she made love to. As soon as I could get her to give up my hand, she jest let hern drop on my knee as affectionate as a pussey cat, and sez she, a screwing up her mouth, and sticking her face close up to mine—

"Cousin, you can't think how delighted I was to read your letters in the Express. I do like to see such upstarts as the Beebe's taken off; only think of the idee of her giving parties, and her husband not out of business yet! When I read that letter, sez I to Mr. Slick, 'bring the young gentleman here, where he can see something of *real* high life; it would be a pity to have him throw away his talents in describing such low affairs as Mrs. Beebe's must be.'" With that she looked round her blazing room as proud as could be, as if she wanted me to give her some soft sodder back agin; but I felt sort of wrathly at what she said about cousin, and I wouldn't take the hint; but sez I, "I beg pardon, marm, but Mr. Beebe is my friend and relation, and a chap that'll set still and hear a friend run down, don't

deserve one, according to my notion; as for cousin Mary—”

“Oh,” sez Mrs. Slick, a twisting round like an eel, “she is a lovely woman, without any doubt. I sartinly should have called on her long ago; but then one has so many acquaintances of that sort to remember, that really I have never found time.” Think, sez I, if you won’t call till Mary wants you, I don’t think you’ll put yourself out in a hurry; but I didn’t say so, for jest that minit she seemed to remember something, and she sung out, “Jemima, my dear.”

With that the yaller curtains by one of the winders were rusled and flirited out, and a young gal, fined off to kill, came from where she’d been standing back on ’em to look at the fellers as they went along the street. I rather guess there was a fliriting of riband and a glistening of gold things when she made her appearance. She came a hopping and a dancing across the room, and when she come jest afore me, she stopped short and let off a curchy that seemed more like one of her mother’s run crazy than any thing I could think on. The old woman she spread out her hands, and sez she, “Jemima, my dear, this is your cousin, Mr. Slick, the gentleman whose letters you were so delighted with.”

With that the queer critter gave me another curchey and looked as if she’d a been glad if she’d known enough to say something; but the old woman sot in with a stream of talk about her till any body on arth would have sot her down for an angel jest out of heaven, dressed up in pink satin and loaded off with gold, if they’d believed a word her mother said. Think sez I to myself, as I stood a looking at the old woman and the gal, its enough to make a fellersick of life to see two such stuck up critters. The gal’s furbelows didn’t look so bad considering she was so young, yet it always seems to me as if heaps of jimcracks and finery piled on to a purty young critter looked kinder unnat’ral. Women are a good deal like flowers to my notion, and the handsomest posies that grow in the woods never have but one color besides their leaves. I’ve seen gals in the country with nothing but pink sun bonnets and calico frocks on, that looked as fresh and sweet as full blown roses—gals that could pull an even yoke with any of your York tippies in the way of beauty, and arter all if I ever get a wife I don’t think I shall sarch for her among brick houses and stun side-walks.

The old woman raly had made an etarnal coot of herself in the way of fixing. She had on a lot of satin, and shiny thin stuff twistified round her head kinder like a hornet’s nest; in front on it, jest over the leetle curls all rolled and frizzled round her face, a bird—a rale genuine bird, all feathered off as bright as a rainbow—was stuck with its bill

down and its tail flourished up in the air, as if it had jest lit to search for a place to build a nest in. I never see one of the kind afore, for its tail looked like a handful of corn-silk, it was so yaller and bright; but, think sez I, it must be some sort of a new-fashioned woodpecker, for it’s the natur of them birds always to light on any thing holler—and if he was once to get agoing on that old woman’s head, I’ve an idee there’d be a drumming. She had a leetle short neck, all hung round with chains, and capes, and lots of things—besides, a leetle watch, all sot over with shiny stuns, was hung to her side, and her fat chunked fingers was civered over with rings, that looked like the spots on a toad’s back more than any thing else. She had a great wide ruffle round the bottom of her frock, like the one cousin Mary had on at her party; but she warn’t no where nigh so tall as Mary, and it made her look like a bantam hen feathered down to the claws. Wal, think sez I, if you wouldn’t make a comical figger-head for Captain Doolittle’s sloop. I wonder what your husband would ask for you, jest as you stand—hump, ruffles and all? I shouldn’t a taken so much notice of her, if she hadn’t let off such a shower of talk on me about her darter; but when a woman begins to pester me by praising up her family, I always make a pint of thinking of something else as fast as I can. If you only bow a leetle, and throw in a “yes marm, sartingly,” and so on, once in a while, you’re all right. A woman will generally soft-sodder herself, if you let her alone when she once gits a going, without putting you to the trouble of doing it for her.

Arter she’d talked herself out of breath, she went along up to the table, and spreading her hands, sez she, “Take some refreshments, Mr. Slick.”

“Wal,” sez I, “I haint much hungry, but I do feel a leetle dry—so I don’t care if I do.”

I went up to the table, and took a survey of the decanters and cider-bottles; and arter a while, I made out to find one decanter that looked as if it had something good in it, and poured about a thimble full into two of the wine glasses, and filled up one for myself. Mrs. Slick and her darter took up the glasses, and then I stepped back and made a low bow, and sez I, “The compliments of the season!”—or any other interesting thing that you like. A person of your genius—” Here I stuck fast, for somehow I forgot how cousin Beebe told me to ~~to~~ off in the speech. But the old woman puckered up her mouth, and curchved away as if I’d said it all out; and the gal, she went over the same manoeuvre, and laughed so silly, and put back her long curls with her white gloves—for she had gloves on though she was to hum—and sez she, “Oh, Mr. Slick,” and then her marm chimed in, and sez she, “Now that you’ve

mentioned genius, Mr. Slick, I do think my *Jemima* has a talent for poetry."

Think sez I, it rally is surprising how much genius there is buried up in these York brick houses. I haint been to see a family since I've been down here that hadn't some darter that *could* write so beautiful, only she was so proud and diffident and modest, that she could not be coaxed to have any thing printed. Think sez I, if that leetle stuck up varmint has took to poetry, there'll be a blaze in the newspaper world afore long.

I remembered what cousin Beebe told me about helping myself to eatables, so I sot down by the table and hauled a plate up to me, and begun to make myself to hum. There was no eend to the sweet things that I piled up on my plate and, begun to store away with a silver knife and a spoon. Mrs. Slick, she begun to fuss about, and offered to help me to this, that and tother, till I should raly have thought she didn't care how much I eat, if she hadn't contrived to tell me how much every thing cost all the time. Jest as I was finishing off a plate of foreign preserves, the door-bell rung, and in streaked five or six fellers, dressed up to kill. It raly made me eenamost snicker out to see how slick and smooth every one of 'em had combed his hair down each side of his face. They all looked as much alike as if they'd been kidney beans shelled out of the same pod. When the old woman and the gal sot to wriglin their shoulders and makin curchies to them, I begun to think it was time for me to get up and give them a chance. So I bolted the last spoon full of preserves and took out my red silk handkercher to wipe my mouth. I thought it come out of my pocket purty hard, so I gave it a twitch and hurra! out come three of the dough-nuts that I'd tucked away to be ready in case of fodder's getting scarce, and they went helter-skelter every which way all over the carpet. At fust I felt sort of streaked, for the young chaps begun to giggle, and Miss *Jemima Slick* she bust right out. I looked at her and then I looked at the fellers, and then, instead of sneaking off, I bust right out, jest as if I didn't know how they come there, and sez I, "Did you ever?"

I didn't say another word, but jest made them a low bow 'all round, and was a going out, but Mrs. Slick got hold of my arm, and told me not to seem to mind the dough-nuts, and said, sort of low, that she'd tell the gentleman that I was a relation of hern, and that there warnt no danger of their poking fun at me about it. Think, sez I, I see how to get out of the scrape, she'll think I'm awful mean not to offer her some of the dough-nuts, when I had them in my pocket, so seeing it's new year's day, I'll make her think I brought 'em to make her a present on for relation's sake. I jest went back, and picked up the tarnal

things, and heaping them up in one hand, I made a smasher of a bow as I held 'em out to her, and sez I—

"I thought mebbey you'd like to see how a prime Weathersfield dough-nut would taste agin; so I jest tucked a few one side, to bring up here; tak 'em, your as welcome as can be; I've got enough more to hum."

She looked at the gentlemen, and then she turned red, as if she didn't exactly know how to take me.

"Don't be afeard on 'em," sez I, "they're first rate; chuck full of lasses, and fried in hog's lard as white as snow."

With that she took them out of my hand and put them on the table, and, sez she, a puckering up her mouth, "you men of genius are so droll."

Think, sez I, I've made a good git off this time. any how, so I'll cut stick. I made another bow, and out I went, jest as the chaps were all a bowing and saying, "the compliments of the season," one arter another, like boys, in a spelling class.

I hadn't but jest got to the door, when my pussy cousin driv up, so I got into the carriage, and off we went, down Broadway, at a smashing rate, till at last we stopped afore one of the neatest-looking houses that I've seen in York: It warnt cruckled and finiefied off with wood-work and iron fences, but the hull was solud stun. The steps were made of the same, with great stun sides a rolling down from the door to the side-walk. The door was sunk clear into the front; there warnt no chunk of silver in the middle, to write the owner's name on; so I s'pose he thought that everybody ought to know where a rale fashionable chap lives, without his hanging out a sign to tell folks. Jason was jest a going to give the knob a twitch, but he seemed to remember, and, sez he, to the tall chap that had got down,

"Why dont you ring?"

With that the chap made a dive up the steps, and it warnt a second afore the door swung open, and a nice old feller, dressed up as neat as a new pin, but without regimentals, stood inside. Arter making a bow, he opened a mahogany door, and made a little motion with his hand, as much as to say—"walk in."

Jason he kinder seemed loth to go in first; and arter all his money, I couldn't help but think the old feller in the hall looked as well and acted a good deal more like a rale gentleman, than he did. There's nothing like being rich to git up a man's pluck; arter fidgeting with his watch-seals a minit, Jase stuck up his head like a mud turtle in the sun, and in he went. I follered arter as close as a bur to a chesnut; for in my hull life I never felt so scared.

The house didn't seem like Miss Miles' nor Cousin Beebe's, nor yet like my pusy cousin's.



Coming from his house into that, seemed like going out of a blustering wind into a calm snow-storm. Everything was so slick and still, that it didn't seem like anything else that I ever see. Cousin Slick went in fussing along, and a tall harnsome lady got up from a chair, where she sot by the fire, and cum towards us. Arter Jason had give her a little information about the weather—told her it was dredful cold, and so on, he stepped back, and spreading out his hands sort of like his wife, sez he—

"Mrs. —, this is Mr. Jonathan Slick, a young relation of mine."

I declare it made my heart beat to see how purtly she smiled—her curchy was as soft and easy as a bird—she didn't wriggle up her shoulders and stick out her feet as some of the rest on 'em did, but jest seemed to droop down a little easy, and then she asked us to sit down, and in less than no time we felt as much tu hum as if we'd known her ever since she was a baby. Instead of beginning to give me a lot of soft sodder, as some of the other women did, she jest set in, and began to talk about old Connecticut, and sich things as she must a seen, was likely to tickle me like all natur, and her voice was so soft, and she kept a smiling so, that I never felt so contented in my life as I did a talking with her.

At last she begun to ask Jason some questions about the Western country—so I had a chance to look about me a leetle. Instead of being dressed out like a thing sot up for a show, she hadn't nothing on but a harnsome silk frock, and a leetle narrow velvet ribbin tied round her harnsome black hair, that was brushed t'il it looked as bright as a crow's back. I never did see anything braided up so nice as it was behind. She hadn't on the leastist bit of gold, nor furbelows of any kind, only jest a leetle pin that glistened like a spark of fire, which pinned the velvet ribbin jest over her white forehead. It raly-beats me to make out why I can't tell you what was in the room, jest as I du about all the other places; but somehow it aint easy to tell the difference, for there was settees, and chairs, and tables, and curtains, and so on—but yit it warnt a bit like any room I ever see afore. There warnt no glistening and shining, and gold and silver; but I couldn't get the notion out of my head, that everything cost a good deal more than if there had been ever so much of it. The room seemed made exactly for the things that were in it, and there warnt a thing that didn't fit exactly into its place like wax-work. There was one consarn that looked awful harnsome, and it was rale ginuine too: but at first I thought it was some of these York make-believes. It was a slim green tree, eenamost tall enough to reach my head, all blown out and civered over with as much as twenty of the biggest and whitest 'roses I ever did see. It was sot jest below

the two winders, and when the sun come kinder softly through the cirtins down into the white posies, they seemed to sort o' blush like a peach-blow; yit they raly were as white, according to natur, as the cleanest han'ful of snow you ever see. The tree grew out of a great marble flower-pot, and when I asked its name of the lady, she looked as bright and sweet as one of the flowers, and told me it come from Joppan, away east. There was some picters hung agin the wall, that struck my eye so that I couldn't keep from looking at 'em. She see how I was took up, and sez she—

"That's a beautiful picter, Mr. Slick, don't you think so? There is something in Dough-tie's picters that I love to look on: his grass and hillocks are so soft and green, he does excel every American artist most certainly in his atmosphere."

"Wal, marn," sez I, "I aint no judge of picters, but sartinty, to my notion, that does outshine cousin Jason's lions, and roosters, and croushongs, all to nothing. It don't glisten so much, but somehow them great trees du look so nat'ral, and them cows lying down under them so lazy; it eenamost makes me hum sick to go back to Weathersfield when I see it." Here Jase trod on my toe with his consarned hard boot. Wal, think sez I, what have I said now; and I looked right in the lady's face to see if she'd been a laughing; but she looked so sweet and unconcerned as would be, and sez she, a getting up and going across the room; for Jase made a motion as if he was in a hurry, sez she—

"Let me help you to some cake and wine."

With that she went to a table that had some decanters and wine-glasses on it. besides a loaf of cake as white as drifted snow. I sniggers, but it did look as neat as a new pin. There was a heap of rale flowers and leaves, jest picked from the bush, fresh and fair, twisted round the edge of the cake, and a leetle white sugar dove snuggled down in the middle.

Cousin Jase filled the glasses, and he made a leetle speech—but somehow it didn't seem to me as if I could go to talking soft sodder tu that handsome critter—she looked so sweet yet so proud. All I did was jest tu drink the wine, and then bend my head kinder softly to try and match her curchy—but if I didn't wish her a happy New Year in my heart, I'm a lying coot, that's all. When we went away, she gave us an invite to cum agin, and she was mortal perlite to me. If I don't go it'll be because I'm afeard, for I don't know when I've taken such a shine to anything that wears petticoats.

Jest as soon as I'd got clear of the door, and Jase had bowed and scraped himself out, we got into the carriage agin, and sez he—

"Wal, cousin, how do you like Mrs. —?"

"Like her!" sez I, "if I don't there's no snakes. She's none of your stuck up, finified humbug critters, but a *rale gинуine lady*, and no mistake."

"It's a pity she hasn't more taste and emulation to fix up her house," sez he. "She raly don't know how to cut a dash, and yet her husband is as rich as a Jew."

"Wal, raly, I don't know what to think of that," sez I. "Somehow when I see everything in a room kinder shaded off, one color into another that's eenalmost like it, till the hull seem to be alike, jest as it is in that lady's room,—it seems to take my notion amazingly. I can't tell why, but it made me feel as if the room had been made up into a big picter, and so it is in part, and I begin to think that"——

I was a going to say something all-fired cutting about these stuck up flashy houses and people that I'd seen here in York—when the carriage driv up to another door. In we went, eat and drank, and then out agin; and then it was riding from one house to another, and eating and drinking till it got eenajest dark, and I was clear tuckered out, besides beginning to feel wamble-cropped a leetle, with the heap of sweet things I'd been a eating all day.

This New Year's day here in York is sartinly as good as a show,—such lots of gals as a feller sees, and such lots of good living; but give me a Thanksgiving dinner yit afore a York New Year's,—a good turkey with plenty of gravy and tatur. I swany how I wish I'd been a eating them things instead of this heap of tarnal cake and sugar things. I shan't feel right agin in a month, I'm sure on it.

I guess you Weathersfield tee totalists would a stared some to see how the young chaps begun to make fence along the stun side-walks towards night; some on 'em were purty well over the bay I can tell you. I went to see lots of women and gals, and cousin Mary amorgst the rest, and arter I got back to my office, I couldn't get one wink of sleep. My head was chuck full of gals all night,—such a whirring and burring as there was in my upper story you never did know on,—every time I shut my eyes the office seemed chuck full of purty gals and feathers and gold and decanters, cut glass, till it seemed as if I would go crazy a thinking over all I'd done; but the last thing that got into my brain jest afore I dropped to sleep, was the *real lady* and my pussy cousin's stuck up wife.

But I can't stop to write you on all my dreams that night. I don't think dough-nuts or sugar candies set well on the stomach, and I don't think seeing so many gals sets well on my head. There is a terrible all over-ish sort of a feeling in a young-feller when he's been a cruising among the gals all day, and

comes hum and cuddles up in bed at night. When he gits one gal stuck fast in his head and his heart, as I had Judy White, he's as quiet as a kitten, and his head's a sort a settled; but arter he's been a roving over the world as I am a doing, his natur gits ruther rily, and there's nothing that sticks in it except the dregs, the pure essence sifting out all through.

Getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk, the more a feller loves the more he wants to,—and when the heart gits a going, *pitty pat, pittypat*, there is such a swell, that it busts up all the strings, so that it can't hold the gинуine grit at all. When Judy White fust took hold a my arm I give the coat sleeve a rale hearty smack, where her hand had lain, and that coat I really did love better than any other I ever had on; but I never think the better of my yaller gloves for shaking the hands of all the gals in York. I've only got Miss Miles out of my head, to git a thousand new shinin faces in. Lord knows what 'I become of me, Par, if I go on to be bedivilled arter the women, as I have been this new year's day. When a feller is made anything on by 'em he must have been brought up under good preaching in Weathersfield to stand it here in York. I feel as if I shouldn't be good for much afore long, myself, the way I am going on, but to skoot up and down Broadway like that ere Count, and to hang round gal's winders with fifes, and bassoons, and drums, and gitars at night.

I can't look full into a purty gal's face all a flashing so, without being kind a dazzled and scorched. It warms me up in this cold weather, and kindles such a touse in my heart, that the blood runs through it as hot as if it had scooted through a steamboat pipe. And then the all-fired critters have so many sly ways of comin over a feller, that I don't think much of a man who can see their purty mouths tremble, and not feel his tremble to. If they sidle up, I can't help sidling too if I died; and when them black eyes fall flash on me, I wilt right down under 'em as cut grass in Weathersfield on a hot summer day. It is natur all this, and I can't help it no how.

But you know, par, I was brought up under good preaching, and I go now to Dr. Spring's meeting always as strait as Sunday comes round, and twice a day. If women do snarl up a feller's heart strings, though, they keep him out of other scrapes, anybody will tell you that. A man that is in love a leetle is not always a running into rum-holes, and othersuch places. He don't go a gambling, and isn't a sneakin round nights.

Love, according to my notion on it, is a good anchor for us on this 'ere voyage of life!—it brings us up so all a standing when we put on too much sail. It puts me in miad, now I think on it, of our cruise through

Hell Gate in Captin Doolittle's sloop; for jest as the tide and the wind was a carrying us on the rocks, we dropt anchor and kept off. I look on the uses of women purty much as I look on the freshet that in the spring brings down the Connecticut the rale rich soil for the meadows in Weathersfield. They make a great deal of splutter and fuss in their spring time, with their rustles and their ribbons, and their fooleries, I know; but when they light on a feller for good, they are the rale onion patches of his existence. Put us together, and the soil will grow anything; but keep us apart, and we are all thisiles and nettles.

Your loving son,  
JONATHAN SLICK.

### LETTER XI.

*Visit to the Park Theatre.—First Impressions of the Poetry of Motion, as written on the air, in the aerial fetes of Mademoiselle Celeste.—First Shock at the exhibition of a Ballet costume, accompanied by the "twinkles" of Celeste's feet—with her pigeon wings, double-shuffles, gallopades and pirouelles.*

To Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church, over to Weathersfield in the State of Connecticut:

DEAR PAR:—

I've been a trying tu git time tu write you a letter this ever so long; but somehow I've had so many parties tu go tu, besides sleigh-rides, balls, and so on, that I haint known which eend my head is on more than half the time. Besides all that, I've felt kinder loth to write you, for I aint jest sartin that you and marm won't be in a pucker about what I've been a doing since I writ tu you before. But I've got my pluck a stirring jest now; so I'm detarmined tu up and tell you all right out, jest as it is—for arter all, a feller must be a consarned coward that'll do a thing, right or wrong, and then back out from owing on it.

Wal, t'other night Mr. Beebe he cum up tu my office about sundown, and sez he, "Cousin Slick, supposing we go tu the Park Theatre to-night, and see Madam Celeste dance."

My heart ris right up into my throat as he said this, for the very idee of going tu the Theatre set me all over in a twitter. Ever since I come down here tu York, I've had an eternal hankering tu go and see some of their plays; but I tried all-I could tu pacify myself, and thought over more than forty times all the preachings you used to make agin them—how you used tu say they were filled with

sinful devices and picters of the devil's own painting, and that they warn't nothing more nor less than scraps of the infarnal regions sot up here on arth tu delude away poor mortals.

I wanted tu go awfully, but insied of giving in tu cousin John when he fust come, I jest sot too and let off one of your preachments to him; he didn't seem to mind it a mite, but, sez he, "Cousin, would you think it right if a feller was tu come out like all blazes agin one of your letters in the Express, if he hadn't read 'em?"

"I should like to ketch a feller at it—I should," sez I.

"Wal" sez he, "du you think it fair tu run out agin the Theatres till you've seen something on 'em?"

"Wal," sez I, "I don't know as it is; but haint my par an old man as well as deacon of the church, and hadn't he ought tu know. What's the use of a man's experience if his children won't profit by it so long as he can't turn about and live his life over agin?"

"That's true," sez cousin John, "but are you sartin that your father was ever at a play in his life?" "What, my par at the Theatre!" sez I a holding up both hands, "Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Esquire, Justice of the Peace and Deacon of the Church, at the Theatre? Look a here, cousin John, why don't you ask if he ever plays all fours, or 'I had as many wives as the stars in the skies,'—he'd be about as likely tu du one as t'other."

"Wal," sez John, sort of parsevering, "how can he judge about them sort of things without he's seen 'em? Come, come, jest put on your fix and let's go down."

So with that he come his soft sodder so strong that I couldn't hold out no longer, so I jest giv up, and we started off; but my heart felt sort of queer all the way, for I couldn't keep from thinking how you and marm would feel when you found out where I'd been tu. I don't think there's anything very scrumptious about the outside of the Theatre anyhow. Think, sez I, as I looked up tu it, if this is raly a temple of Old Nick, he haint put himself out much tu finessy it off. A good many of the meeting houses here in York go ahead of this all tu nothing. It looks more like a town hall or a tavern than any thing else that I can think on.

When we got into the entry-way, cousin Beebe he took out a dollar bill, and went up tu a little hole cut out in the wall, and stuck in his hand, and sez he, "a ticket."

Thinks, sez I, wal if this don't beat all! They raly du mean tu carry on all kinds of develtry; who'd a thought of finding one of these darnatn lottery offices here.

"You won't want a ticket," sez cousin John.

"No," sez I, "I guess I don't; if there's any thing on arth that makes my blood hile it's gambling. I was a going on tu give him

a piece of my mind, but jest then he pushed a door open, all civered over with green flannel, and give his paper to a tall man that stood there, looking as solemn as an owl in a storm; and, sez he, a pinting to me, this gentleman belongs to the press. The feller looked at me as sharp as a needle, and he begun to fumble over a paper, as if he didn't know exactly what he wanted; but at last he held out his hand, and said it was custom for the press to leave cards at the door. I never was so struck up in my whole born days. Think, sez I, wal, if this don't beat all natur; they think because a feller is green enough to go to the Theatre, that he must play cards, and every thing else that's bad. I shouldn't wonder, sez I to myself, if he wants me to begin and cuss and swear next. I looked him right in his eyes, and put my hands down in my pockets all-fired hard, and, sez I."

"Look a here, you sir, I ain't no gambler—none of your foreign chaps, that git their living by playing cards. You must be soft in the upper story if you don't see that the first giffy. You don't see no hair on my upper lip. I don't carry a cane with a bayonet in it, nor wear checkered trousers, so you needn't ask me to give you any cards. I haint touched one of the pesky things since marm broke the tin dipper over my head for singing out, "high, low, Jack and the game, hy gauley," one day when I and another little shaver got hid away in the corn-house a playing all fours."

The feller opened his eyes a few when I said this, but three or four finedied young fellers, with white gloves on, and little canes in their hand, come to the door, and stood a grinning at me like so many hungry monkeys. Cousin John spoke sort of low, and sez he,—

"It is your name the man wants. If you haven't any cards, write it out on a piece of paper."

With that the man handed over a piece of paper, and cousin Beebe give me his gold pen.

Think sez I, "If they will have my name, I'll give em a smasher,"—so I flourished the "J" off with an all-fired long tail, and curled the "S" up till it looked like a black snake in the sun. I ruther seem to think the feller stared a few when he saw the name. The grinning chaps cum and looked at it, but made themselves scarce in less than no time arter they had made it out, and the tall chap, he bowed close down to the floor, and sez he—

"Walk in, Mr. Slick, Mr. Simpson put your name on the free list ever so long ago."

I was going to ask him to tell Mr. Simpson that I was very much obligated, though I hadn't the least idea what he meant by his free list, but that minnit there was such

a smashing of fiddles and drums and toothorns inside that I eenamost jumped out of my skin. It seemed as if a dozen training bands had all been set a going to once.

Cousin John he took hold of my arm, and hauled me along through a little door into a great big room built off more like a meeting house than anything else—and yet it wasn't like that neither. It was shaped kinder like a horse shoe, the floor was chuck full of benches, civered over with red cushions, and there was four galleries all pilared off and painted, and set off with gold and great blazing glass things that made every thing look as bright as day. In the second gallery there were five or six pens all boarded off from the rest, with lots of gold picters all round them, and hung over with silk curtains, till they looked more like the berths on board a steam-boat than any thing I could think on. These places were chuck full of all-fired handsome gals and spruce looking fellers, that were dressed off to kill, and talked and laughed as chipper as could be. The ruff was an eternal way up from the floor; it rounded up, and was crinkle-crankled off with gold and picters till it looked like the West jest afore sundown, when the red and yaller and purple lie in heaps and ridges all over the sky.

Think sez I, if that's what par means by a device of the devil, Old Nick is no slouch at putting the shine on the ruff of his house, anyhow.

We sot down on one of the red benches in the lowest gallery, and I got a leetle over the twitler that I was in at fust, and jest made up my mind to look about amongst the folks to see what was going on.

It warnt a mite of wonder that the musicianers made me jump so when I was in the entry way, for clear on t'other eend of the room was a long pen chuck full and running over with fiddlers, base drums, and great brass horns, all pulling and blowing and thumping away like all natur; but didn't they send out the music!—never on arth did I hear any thing like it! It made me choke and sigh and ketch my breath like a dying hen; and all I could do, my feet would keep going over the steps, and my yaller gloves seemed as if they never would git still agin, they kept so busy a beating time on the leg of my new trousers. Jest over the pen where the fiddlers sot, hung a great picter as big as the side of the house. I thought of what you said about Theatres being filled with picters of the devil's own painting; but I couldn't make up my mind that that was one on 'em, for it was so green and cold, and a pale man, pictered out on a heap of stuns in the middle on it, looked as shivery as if he'd had a fit of the fever and ague—besides there was water painted out, and every body knows that Old

Scratch aint te-total enough to paint a pieter chuck full of clouds and water and sich like, without one spark of fire to make him feel to hum in his own premises.

By am by sich sights of people, all dressed off as if they were a going to a general training ball, kept a pouring in through all the leetle doors in the galleries till the seats were all chuck full; such a glistening of handsome eyes and feathers, and flowers, I never did see. A purty leetle gal cum and sot close down by me, and now and then I took a slanting squint at her; and by the hokey, she was a slick leetle critter, with the consarned-est soft eyes I ever looked into.

I wonder what on arth is the reason that I can't sit down by a harnsome gal, but my heart will begin to flounder about like a fish jest arter he's hooked. Think, sez I, if there's any dancing a going on to-night, darn me if I don't shin up to that gal for a partner. But, where on arth the folks were a going to find a place to dance in I couldn't make out, for in the hull building there warnt room enough to hang up a flax-seed edgways.

I was jest a going to ask cousin John about it, when the fiddles pulled up a minit, and all tu once that great pieter give a twitch, and up it went like a streak of chalk, into the ruff, or the Lord knows where. I jumped right on eend, I was so struck with what I see.

Clear back where the curtain had been was a purty leetle garden, as nat'ral as one of our onion patches. It was chuck full of trees and flowers, and a snug leetle house stood on one side; clear back, jest under the edge of the sky, lay the soft water, looking as blue and still as could be. What to make on it I couldn't tell: it warnt like a pieter, and yet I couldn't think how on arth there could be room enough to have sich a place near the theatre. While I sot there a bending for'erd with one of my yaller gloves pressed down on each knee, and staring like a stuck pig with my mouth a leetle open, a lot of folks dressed off in short jackets and trousers cut off at the knees, come a dancing out of the house, and begun to talk all at once, and chatter and laugh together as chipper as a flock of birds. They seemed as happy as clams in high water; and the fellers skipped and hung round the gals like good fellers.

But the gals were dressed out too bad. I'll be darned if some of 'em didn't make me feel streaked, their frocks were so short. They didn't seem tu make no bones of showing their legs half way to their knees. I swanny if I wasn't ashamed of the purty gal that sot by me. Think, sez I, if she don't blush and feel all overish I'm mistaken. Arter awhile I give her a slantindicular squint, but she sot as still as a kitten, and looking as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but was a staring right straight at the garden without seeming

tu mind the gals' legs a bit more than if they'd been so many broom-sticks.

It warnt a great while afore I didn't seem to mind it much either, for a little old comical looking chap come out in front of the garden and begun to chatter and larf and fling his arms about every which way, and to tell about some young gal that was a going to be married, Madeline he called her.

Wal, while he was a talking, a feller, all in red regimentals, come round the house, as big as my pussy cousin, with a set of letters in his hand, and blowing a tin toot-horn, as if he wanted us all tu come tu dinner. He turned to be a sort of post-rider, with letters; he give one to the funny old chap that owned the house, but it only had another letter in it, and that was for the gal that was a going tu be married.

I begun to feel awful curious tu see that gal, arter hearing them talk about her so much; but the post-office feller cut up his shines, and ordered the folks about as obstroperous as my pussy cousin; a prime chap he was—and I took a sort of a notion to him, he acted out so slick.

By-am-by in come the purtyest looking critter that ever I did see; she walked and sidled through the garden like a bird among the green trees, and her voice sounded so funny when she spoke; she kinder cut her words off, and lisped 'em out so sweet, that every word sounded chuck full of honey. I swan it made my heart rise right up in my mouth, every time she spoke. She had tarnal harnsome eyes, as bright as the biggest star in the gill-dipper, and I could almost tell what she was a saying by the cut of her face; I never did see a critter look so happy. She had the cunningest leetle white hat that I ever did see, stuck on one side of her head, with blue ribands a streaming from it over her shoulders; on t'other side her long shiny curls hung down on to her shoulders, and a harnsome white rose was stuck in them back of her ear; but it didn't seem much whiter than her forehead and neck, for they were as white as the froth on a pail of new milk ~~and it is~~ strained. She had on a bluesilk frock, off a leetle too short at the bottom, for my notion, and her cunning leetle feet raly cut about in them new shoes a leetle too spry; I never did see anything so subtle as she was in my life.

The minit she came into the garden all the folks in the galleries and on the seats below, begun to stomp, and yell, and holle, till I was afeard that I made a mistake and got into a political meetin agin. She began to curchy, and lay her hand on her bosom, and curchy agin all the while, a looking so sweet and mealy-mouthed that I wanted to eat her hull, I swow I did. Arter awhile they begun to git tired of making sich eternal coots of themselves, and then she begun to go round among the folks in the garden and give them

resents, because she was a-going to git married in the morning, tu a rich gentleman that ved close by.

All tu once the comical old chap called Madeline!" and give her the letter the ost-rider had brought for her.

Arter she'd gone into the house, he begun to tell the folks all about her—how she was poor leetle French gal that he'd undertook to bring up and keep out of harm, when verybody in her country was afeard of their ves—and how she'd got a brother yet in France, whose life wouldn't be worth fourpence-half-penny if he should once set foot over in England; for they made believe that all this garden and things was a going on in England.

Wal, arter they'd all gone in, out come Madeline agin with the letter in her hand. I wanny, but I couldn't help but feel for the poor critter. She looked as if she'd been crying her eyes out, but she kept a kissing the letter and reading it sort of loud, and a crying all the time, so that we all found out it come from her brother, and that he was a coming to take her away with him in the morning; and it seemed to make her feel bad because she didn't know that she was a going to be married then. When she'd read her letter through, she went into the house agin, looking as peaked and wamble-cropped as a sick lamb.

When the picter-was rolled up agin, the garden was all gone, and there sot the purty leetle Madeline in a room with a chest open by her filled with women's clothing, and here was a rale handsome young feller a standing by her that she seemed so fond of, and that she called her brother.

While they were talking together, and afore she had time to tell him she was a going to be married, there was an allfired noise outside of the door, and you never see a cat jump up spryer than she did. She turned as white as a sheet and wrung her leetle hands and seemed more than half crazy, for she said the officers had cum a-er her brother to hang him or a spy. She hugged him one minit, and then she'd wring her hands, and look round so anxious for some place to hide him in. At last she run to the chest, pulled all the clothes out on it, and made him git in there—she put them all back agin, and civered it over with a great red shawl. She hadn't but jest sot down and took up her sewing work, when a great eternal coot of a feller, that made my blood bile every time I looked at him, cum into the room along with another feller, and begun to sarch arter the poor young chap that she'd hid away.

We could see that the poor gal was eenamost scared out of her senses, for she turned as white as a ghost—but she cocked one foot over t'other, and went on a sewing as fast as could be. I swanny it made me wrathy tu

hear the varmint how he run on agin the poor gal. I never did see sich wicked eyes as hizen were in my life, nor sich a ragged drunken looking shark; it made my grit rise every time he looked towards that sweet gal.

The officer couldn't find nobody, and wanted to go hum, but the tall shack went up to the chest, and begun to poke about among the clothes, and asked what she'd got there. She looked as if she would go off the handle at that; but she didn't give up. Arter a minit she jumped up and took up a gown and showed it to the officer, and then she took up a shawl and told him it was her wedding shawl, and she begun to run on and smile, and talk so coaxing, and spread out the shawl all the time, till the young feller in the chest crept out and got into another room, while she held the shawl afore him. They went off grumbling, and consarnedly wamble-cropped, for a reward had been offered for the purty French gal's brother, and the eternal scamp meant to git his revenge on her and money tu boot.

I was a looking steady into the room, when all tu once it slid away, and there was the garden agin, and the outside of the house, and it was dark as midnight among the bushes. By-aw-by out came the ragged scamp and stood jest under the poor French gal's winder, to see what was a going on, and while he was there, the good-hearted chap that she was a going to be married tu, came along to look at her winder, as fellers will when they are over head and ears in luv.

Then the French gal cum to the winder, and the young feller that she'd been a hiding away, jumped out, and she put his cloak on and hugged him as if her heart was eenamost ready to bust. When she see her brother clear off she went back tu bed, but the squire and the ragged scamp had seen her, and sich a row as it kicked up never was heard on afore.

In a little while there was sich a hubub in the garden; all the wimin that she'd gin presents tu, got together, and begun to run out agin her, and saying that they always thought she was no better than she ought to be. The squire said he wouldn't marry her, and the tarnation old man turned her out of doors.

I thought I should a boo-looed right out, when I see her cum out of the door with a bundle in her hand, a crying as if she hadn't a friend on arth. She was a going away so slow and sorrowful, when the squire cum up and offered her some money, for he seemed to feel sorry for her, though he thought she'd been a cheating him.

She looked at him so still, and yit so proud, as if her heart was brim full of grief, but she wouldn't take his money. At last he told her that the man she'd had was took prisoner. Oh! how she did take on then. She wrung her hands, and sobbed, and cried enough tu



